

Rosalynd.
EVPHVES GOLDEN
Legacie, found after his death in
his Cell at Silixedra.

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAVTVS .
Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father
in England.

Fercht from the Canaries by T.L.Gent.



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To the right Honourable and his most
esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamber-
laine of her Maiesties household, and gouernour of the
*Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G. wisheth increase of all
honourable vertues.*

(...)

S Vch Romanes (right Honourable) as delighted
in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the
honour of *Augustus*, because hee was a patron of
souldiers: and *Virgill* disguised with his Poems as a
Maccenas ofschollers, both ioyntly aduancing his
royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as
sacrifice to *Pallas*, present her to Bayes as she is wise, and with Ar-
mour as shee is valiant: obseruing heerein that excellent *so prepon*,
which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the per-
son. When I entred (right honourable) with a deepe insight into
the consideration of these premises, seeing your Lordshippe to bee
a Patron of all Martiall men, and a *Maccenas* of such as apply them-
selues to studie, wearing with *Pallas* both the Launce and the Bay, &
ayming with *Augustus* at the fauour of all, by the honourable ver-
tues of your mind, being my selfe first a student, & afterwards fal-
ling from Bookes to Armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts, duti-
fully to affect your Lordship.

Hauing with Captaine *Clarke* made a voyage to the Islands of
Terceras, and the *Canaries*, to beguile the time with labour, I writte
this Booke: rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and sea-
thered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of
a Souldiour and a Scholler, I presume to throwde it vnder your
Honours patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all
vertuous actions, and whose honourable loues growne from the

A 2

generall

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

generall applause of the whole commonwealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of euerie bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as beeing scholler vwith your noble sonnes, Maister *Edmund Carew*, and Maister *Robert Carew*, (two siens worthy of so honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also beeing scholler in the Vniuersitie vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Holby*, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euery way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection bee placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must be more excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordshippe, I humbly intreate your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a souldiers and a schollers Pen with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so deuoted to your honour, as his only desire is to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honors Souldiour most
humbly affectionate:

Thomas Lodge.



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Entlemen, looke not heere to find any sprigs
of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humor
of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing
vaine of any eloquent Ora'br: Nolo alium
sapere, they be matters above my capaciti:
the Coblers cbecke shall neuer tigh on my
head, Nesutor ultra crepidam, I will goe
no further then the latchet, and then all is
well. Heere you may perhaps finde some
leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe

by a souldiour with his cartelaxe, not bought with the allurement of a
fild tongue. To ke brieft Gentlemen, roome for a souldiour and a sail-
ler, that gives you the fruites of his labour that hee wrote in the Ocean,
where euery line was wet with a surge, and euery humorous passion coun-
tercheekt with a storme. If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dowie,
if you be mine in fauour: But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that
hath mightie eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: if hee
come aboard our barke to find fault with the tackling when hee knowes not
the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that
saw no sunne this seauen yeeres, and either will beaste him, or beaue the
cockescombe oterboord to feede Cods. But curious Gentlemen, that fa-
uour most, backebite none, and pardon what is ouerslpt, let such come and
welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a kan of our best
beuerage. Well Gentlemen, you haue Euphuus Legacie, I fetcht it as
farre as the Islands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with fa-
uour, and farewell.

Yours T. L.



The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testament, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.



He vehemencie of my sickness, Philautus, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet must I die in counsailling thee. Thou hast sommes by Camelia, as I beare, who beeing young in yeeres, haue greene thoughts, and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bend them in youth like the Willowe, least thou bewaile them in theyr age for their wilfulness. I haue bequeathed them a Golden Legacie, because I greatly loue thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassander, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the best method. They shall find loue annotated by Euphues, with as lively colours as in Apelles Tabe: Roses to whip him when he is wanton, reason to withstand him when hee is wilde.

Here may they reade that vertue is the King of labour, opinion the mistress of fooles, that vanitie is the pride of nature, contentation the overthrow of families: here is Elleborus bitter in taste, but beneficiall in triall, I haue nothing to send thee and Camelia but this counsell, that instead of worldly goods, you leaue your sommes vertue & glory: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then Lords of your manners. I feele death that summons me to my graue, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell Philautus, and let the tenour of my counsell bee applyed to thy childrens comfort.

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man find this scrowle send it to Philautus in England.

Rosalynde.



Rosalynde.



Here dwelt adioyning to the Cittie of Burdeaux, a knight of most honourable parentage, whom fortune had graced with many fauours, and nature honored with sundry exquisit qualities, so beautified with the excellencie of both, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in desciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise hee was, as holding in his head a supreme conceit of pollicy, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernement: and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenij* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlysses: his valour was no lesse then his wit, nor the stroake of his launce no lesse forcible, then the swaetnes of his tongue was perswasive: so he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed sir Iohn of Burdeaux, hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged: his haire was siluer betwed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: Honor sate in the furrowes of his face, & many yeeres were portrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessity challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phoenix knew the terme of his life was now expired, and could with the swanne discover his end by her songs, hauing three sonnes by his wife *Lineda*, the very pride of his forepassed peeres, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them, to bestowe vpon them such a Legacie as might betwray his lone, and encrease their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellow knights of Malta, hee resolved to leaue them a memorial of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore death

in

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in his lookes to moue them to pittie, and teares in his eies, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest son by the hand, he begange.

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he
gaue to his sonne,

O my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeeres, and Destinies haue determined a small ende of my dayes: the Palm tree wareth awayward, for he stoopeth in his height, & my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age, I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you to the worlde that increaseth many sorowes: my siluer haire contains great experience, and the number of my yeeres haue pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some sading self to counterchecke poerty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladine the eldest, & therefore the chiefe pillar of my house, wherein should be ingraned, as well the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee I giue fourtene plough lands, with all my mannour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine I bequeath twelue plough lands: But vnto Rosader the yongest, I giue my Horse, my Armoz, and my Launce, with sixtene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadowes, Rosader will errede you all in bountie and honoz. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend, as I haue bene careful to get, your friends will griene to see you more wastefull then I was bountifull; and your foes smile that my fall did beginne in your excesss. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the loadestare to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Aime your deeds by my honorable indeuors, & shew your selues siens worthy of so flourishing a tree: lest as the birds Halcyones which errede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that errede in blacknesse. Climbe not, my sonnes, aspyring pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they that stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: & such as gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they be Eagle-eyed) fall blinde. Soare not
with

golden Legacie.

with the Hobby, least you fall with *Phaeton*; nor attempt not with *Phaeton*, lest you burne with *Icarus*. Fortune when she wills you to flie, tempers your plumes with waie, & therfore either sit still & make no wing, or else beware the Sun, and holde *Dedalus* axiome authenticall (*Medum tenuisse tutissimum.*) Lower shrub and deeper roote, and poorer Cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignity. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melody, where strings stretch high, either soon crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your harts content, & think that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common weale, & faithfull to your friends, so that France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorow, and vnfolde your secrets, and he either will relieue with counsel, or perswade with reason: but take heed in the choise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the balenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet: when the shoes of *Leopanthus* are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baan leafe the more faire it looks, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest words is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sons, chuse a friend as the *Hiperborei* doe the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, & let them not bide the stampe before they be current: so trie and then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them by for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour: but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, & that is limited within bounds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue al, & with that be fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue, for it is far more perillous then pleasant, and yet I tel you it allureth as illas the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a sickle thing, & beauties paintings are trickt by with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend liberty, yet there is nothing but losse & glistering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanity, and his arrowes where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eie, as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudicial to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it snareth

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reth into death. Trust not their tawning fanoys, for their lones are like the breath of a man upon a ale, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, & their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Holipe, which changeth at the sight of euery obiect. My breath wareth short, and mine eyes waxe dimme, the houre is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: & therefore if you loue, chuse one that hath eyes of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Setthin lease, that neuer wags but with a southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou find in her sufficient vanity to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thyed is spun, and my foot is in the grave: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them be lodged in the secret of your hearts: for wisdom is better then wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall, see my sonnes, the follie of man, that being dust climbeth with Biers, to reach at the heauens, and readie euery minute to die, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares but a bawens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be carefull that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honours: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy sautoz, and put oblivion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sons lest you should forget your fathers axioms, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute liuing. At this he shrunke downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghost.

John of Burdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and betrailed of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused next his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to be purtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scedule which sir Iohn of Burdeaux gaue his sonnes.

MY sonnes behold what portion I doe giue,
I leaue you goods, But they are quickly lost:

I leaue

golden Legacie.

I leaue aduise, to schoole you how to liue,
I leaue you wit, but won with little cost :
But keepe it well : for counsell still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choise of thrift, let honour be your gaine,
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might :
In dooing good, esteeme thy trouble no paine,
Protect the fatherles, and widowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Country and thy King,
For why ? this thrift wil prone a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, prefer the modest chaste.
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell :
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast,
Then chuse thy wife by wit, and liuing well,
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may shroud a subtil heart :
The Syrens teares, doe threaten mickle grieffe,
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,
Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.

Learne with the Ant in summer to provide,
Drine with the Bee, the Droane from out the hie :
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide,
Spare not too much, (my sonnes) but sparing thrive,
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne :
So by your death, your glory shall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus set vp the Scedule, and hangd about his
fathers herse many passionate poems, that France might suppose
him to be passing sorrowfull, clad himselfe & his brothers al in black,
and in such sable suites discoursed his grieffe : but as the Hiena when
he mourns is most guiltfull, so Saladine, vnder the shado of grieffe,
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dotheth her heart full of contented thoughts. The tyger though he hide his claws, will at last discover his rapine, the Lions looks are not the maps of his incening, no; a mans sifnomy is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in straw, no; the nature of man so conceald, but at last it will haue his course, nature & Art may doe much, but that *natura naturam*, which by purgation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to thold verse:

Naturam expellas furca, licet usque recurrat.

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeethed more to his yonger brothers than to himselfe, that Polader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet were not come to yeeres, & he being their garolan might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hawocke of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon he beganne thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SALADINE, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restless passions, hauing thy mind troubled with the tenor of thy fathers testamēt, & thy hart fired with the hope of present preferment: by thone thou art counseled to content thee with thy fortunes: by thother perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great roppaty, & there is no sweeter phisicke than soze. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Alfoximes to say, that gold was the most pretious restorative, & that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the mind. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde: hast thou so soone forgotten his principles: did he not warne thee from conueting without honor, and climbing without vertue: did he not forbid thee to aim at any action that should not be honorable: and what will be more preiudiciall to thy credite, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperity: and wilt thou becom the subuersion of their fortunes: is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious iewel than amitie: are you not sons of one father, liens of one tree, birds of one nest: and wilt thou become so vnnaturall as to rob them thou shouldest relieue: Now Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy conscience cleare, and thy re-
nolone

golden Legacie.

not one excellent. *W*ith, what words are these, baile, bar baile
(if thou bee wife) fo: thy hono:. *W*hat though thy father at his
death talked many frivulous matters, as one that doated fo: age,
and raved in his sicknes, shall his words be arions, & his talke bee
so authen'icall, as thou wilt (to observe them) prejudice thy selfe:
*N*o, no Saladine, like mens words that are paroll, having no hand
no: seale, are like the lawes of a cittle written in dust, which are
broke with the blast of every wind. *W*hat man, thy father is dead
and he can neither helpe thy fortunes, no: measure thy actions:
therfoze bury his words with his carkas, and be wise fo: thy selfe:
what, tis not so old as true: *N*on sapit, qui sibi non sapit.
Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in alme, make him not cheek
mate with thy selfe: fo:.

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, sup-
presse his wits with a base estate, & though he be a gentleman by
nature, yet forme him anew, & make him a peasant by nurture: so
shalt thou keepe him a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all
thy fathers possessions. As fo: Ferdinando thy middle brother, he
is a scholler, and hath no mind but on Aristotle, let him reade on
Galen, while thou risest with gold, and poare on his booke whiles
thou purchasest lands: wit is great wealth, if he have learning, it
is enough and so let all rest.

In this humo: was Saladine, making his brother Rosader his
foot boy fo: the space of two o: thre yeres, keeping him in such ser-
vile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any country bassall. The
yong gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day walking in þ
garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of
Iohn of Burdeaux, a knight renowned in many victories, and a
gentleman famous fo: his vertues, who contrary to the testamēt
of his father, he was not only kept from his land, & intrusted as a
servant, & smothered in such secret slavery, as he might not attaine
to any honorable actions. Alas said he to himselfe (nature working
these effectual passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne,
passe my time in such unnaturall bondage: wert not better, either
in Paris to become a scholer, o: in the court a courtier, o: in þ field
a souldier, then to live a foot boy to mine own brother: nature hath
lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother demped me Art to content

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plate: I haue strength to performe any honorable exploit, but no li-
ber ty to accomplishe my vertuous indues: those good parts that
God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuy of my brother doth smo-
ther by in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, and the more his fro-
wardnes. With that casting vp his hand, he felt haire on his face, &
perceiuing his beard to bud, for choler he began to blissh, & swore to
himselfe, he would be no more subiect to such slavery. As thus hee
was ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with
his men, & seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his
wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus.
Sirra (quoth he) is your mind on your halfpenny: or are you saying
a dirge for your fathers soule: what, is my dinner ready: At this
question Rosader turning his head askance, & bending his brows
as if Anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his
eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for
thy eates: aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office,
I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth, and though thou
hast more cardes in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine
hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou sold
my woods, spoiled my manors houses, and made haucke of such
treasuries as my father bequeathed vnto me: I tell thee Saladine,
either answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an ene-
mie.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, and laughing at his
presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore toke
him by thus shortly. What sirra, I see carely prickes the tree that
will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made
you coy, or my good looks drawne you to be thus contemptuous:
I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while
it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a staffe for such a headstrong
colt. Upon this, lay hold on him, and bind him, and then I will giue
him a cooling carde for his choler. This made Rosader halfe made,
that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he layd such
load vpon his brothers men, that he hurt some of them, & made the
rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, and with
his resolution so baliant, thought his hailes his best safety, & toke
him to a loft adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued
him hotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him
thus.

golden Legacie.

thus. Rolader be not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, & if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, look not so fowely, I know wee shall be friends, & better friends then we haue bin. For, *Amantium ira amoris redimite gratia est.*

These words appeased the choller of Rolader, (for he was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley: they embraced each other and became friends, and Saladine promising Rolader the restitution of all his lands, and what saue else, quoth he, any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may perforce me. Upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of France had appointed for his pleasure a day of waxling and of Tournament to busie his Comons heads, least being idle, their thoughts should run vpon serious matters, and call to remembrance their olde banished King: a Champion there was to stand against al comers, a Normane, a man of tall stature & of great strength, so baliant that in many such conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not only ouerthrowing them which he encountred, but often, with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuened with the Norman, & procured him with rich rewarde to sweare, that if Rolader came within his clauies, he should neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as. (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for little gods, toke the crownes of Saladine to perforce the stratagem. Hauing thus tied the Champion to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Wee went to pong Rolader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gased no lower then vertue commanded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and waxling, how the king should be there, and

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and al the chiefe Pæres of France, with all the beautifull damosels of the countrey: nowe brother quoth he, for the honor of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house & neuer hath bin found without men approued in chivalry, shew thy resolution to be peremptore. For my selfe, thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploits, knowing better how to seruey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Feruandine he is at Paris, poring on a fewe pappers hauing more insight into sophistry & principals of Philosophy, then any warlike indouours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doe what honour allotues thee: take thou thy fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament. and either there valiantly crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladine were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce vttered them, ere Rosader toke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament. & Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that he passed the night with little sleepe: but as soone as Phoebus had vailed the Curtaine of the night, and made Aurora blinsh, with giuing her the bezo las labras in her siluer Couch, he gat him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile tenne leagues til he came there. But leauing him so desirous of y^e iourny, to Tarismond the King of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the Forrest of Arden, sought now by al meanes to keepe the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament wherunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the thirtie pæres of France, who rather for feare then loue, graced with the shew of their dutifull fauours, to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare glittering objects, he had appointed his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull Damosels that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and warre triumph in a simpathy,
such

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such as were martiall, might vse their Launce to be renowned for the excellency of their Chivalry, and such as were amorous, might glut their selues with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As euerie mans eye hath his severall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battel betwene the Graces, who should bestowe most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Lona when she kist the shepheard of the hills of Lamos, was not tainted with such a pleasant die, as the Vermillion florist on the bluer hie of Rosalindes countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the welthy court of the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauor and disdaine, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amozits, and Diana all her chastitie. The treamels of her haire folded in a Call of gold, so farre surpass the burnisht glister of metall, as the Sunne both the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the bowes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed Lone had layd her selfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I needs to describer her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the Paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind fate (I say) with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, & made the Cavaliers cracke their Launces with more courage: many deedes of Knighthood that day were perfozmed, and many prizes were giuen according to their severall deserts: at last, when the Tournameut ceased, the w;assling began, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when he aduancd himselfe against Achelus, so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deede of activitie, till at last a lustie Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes of good limaments and comely personage: the eldest of these doing obeysance to the King, entred the List, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediately roapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, coufused himselfe with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the twaight of his copulent personage: which the yonger bro her saring, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

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man with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him to his knees, which repulst to the Norman that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee crept so earnestly to the young Francklin, that taking him up in his armes, hee threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his daies with his Brother. At this vnlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie, but the Frankline Father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, toke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while Good Rosader, and saw this Tragedie, who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted off from his horse, and presentlie fate bolone on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this Champion: being furnisht as he would, hee clapt the Francklin on the shoulder, and said thus: Bold yeoman, whose sonnes haue ended the terme of their yeeres with honour, so that I see thou scozest Fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while, and epyther see mee make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph: The Francklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader bailed bonet to the king, & lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye vppon the troope of Ladies, that glistered like the starres of heauen, but at last, Loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beautie so inuicagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fed his looks on the fauour of Rosalinds face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellencie, that the bashful red of Aurora, at the sight of vnaquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman settred in the looke of the Ladies, djaue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if hee had bene awakened from some pleasant dyaume, discouered to all, by the swie of his countenance, that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the swētnes of his visage,
with

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with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a goodly a pong man should venture in so bafe an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprife, they wist him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his Memento by the Norman, hee roughly clapt him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell on the ground, & with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde, by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death hee might recouer the golde, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while hee breathed was not idle, but still cast an eye vpon Rosalind, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalind so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, he ran vpon him and wounded him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as ballantly, that there was a foze combate, hard to iudge on whose side Fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to mind the beautie of his new Mistresse, the same of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by misfortune, retosed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Pères into a great admiration, that so pong peres, and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the pongest sonne of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, the King rose from his seate and embraced him, and the Pères intreated him with all fauourable curtesie, commending both his valour & his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty dedes, that he might attaine to the glory of his Fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lordes graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their looks, especially Rosalind, whom the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

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feared not to dally in the same, and to make *Rosalind* knowe shee affected him, tooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The prize that *Venus* gave to *Paris*, was not halfe so pleasing to the *Troian*, as this gaine was to *Rosalind*: for if Fortune had sworne to make him selfe sole monarch of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, then haue lost the iewell sent him by *Rosalind*. To requite her with the like hee was unfurnished, yet that he might more than in his looke discover his affection, hee slept into a Tent, and taking pen & paper, wrote his fancie:

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heau'n there shinde,
 Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with Roses,
 Pure lockes more golden then is gold refine,
 Two pearled rowes that Natures pride encloses.
 Two mounts, faire marble, white, downe-soft, and daintie,
 A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure
 Full wofull makes my heart and body fainty:
 Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure.
 In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
 Whom sorrow cloudes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonet he sent to *Rosalind*, which when she read, shee blusht, but with a sweet content, in that shee perceiued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leaving her to her new entertained fancies: againe to *Rosalind*, who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troope of young gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother *Saladines*, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother *Rosalind* should haue, assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising howe with disguised sorrow to celebrate his funerals: as hee was in this thought, he cast vp his eye, and saw where *Rosalind* returned with the garland on his head, as hauing wonne the prize, accompanied with a crew of brave companions: grieved at this, hee slept in and shut the gate. *Rosalind* seeing this, & not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothered his griefe with a smile, hee turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for hee did not thinke on a malicious intent or nigardise, but being brought vp in the Country, hee absented himselfe, as not finding his nature

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At this such youthfull companie. Thus hee sought to shadow abuses profered by his Brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ranne his foote against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the hall, where he found none, for all were fled, but one Adam Spencer an Englishman, who had bene an old and trustie seruaunt of Sir Iohn of Bardeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased maister, saw nozed the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall emptie, said: Gentlemen you are welcome, frolicke, and be merry, you shall be sure to haue wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Cavaliers my Brother hath in his house fine tunne of Wine, and as long as that lasteth I beseeche him that spareth his liquor. With that he burst open the Butterie doore, & with the help of Adam Spencer, couered the tables, and set downe whatsoever he could find in the house, but what they wanted in meate, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall chaire, and withall, such hartie welcome, as would haue made the courtliest meates firme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise or thriue with an vpsley fraye, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader, and departed. Alsoone as they were gone, Rosader growling impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swoze to be reuenged of the discourteous Saladine, yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, and put vp all forepassed iniuries with a peaceable agrément, living together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not only reioyce the seruants, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbors glad of such friendly conoord. Saladine hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a posened hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath, till fitter opportunity, he shewd himselfe a great fauourer of his brothers vertuous indenuors: where leauing them in this happy league, let vs returne to Rosalind.

• Rosalind returning home from the triumph after the warred solitary, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at disquiet, strooke her so deep, as she felt her selfe grow passing passionate. she beganne to call to mind the continence of his person, the honoz of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

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made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the honp of loue, by printing in her thoughts his rare qualities shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when shee cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to baile bonet, that betwaine a Chaos of confused thoughts, shee beganne to debate with her selfe in this manner.

Rosalinds passion.

I Ofortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are moze then thy yeres, and whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mist with the frosts of enuy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perissh in the budde. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the vnhappy daughter of a king detained captiue, lining as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne: what griefes are incident to dignitie: what sorowes haunt royall Palaces: The greatesst seas haue the foyrest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars sonest shake with the wind: small currents are euer calme, low ballies not scorcht in any lightning, nor base mentied to any balefull preiudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want with a crowne, then enuying their wealth with disparagement. Ah Rosalind, hadst thou been borne low, thou hadst not salne so hie, and yet being great of blood, thine honoz is moze, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates vntwilling to haue me any waies happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind? becomes it women in distresse so thinke on loue: Truth, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind and shoteeth at random, as one hitting a rag as a robe, and piercing as one the bosome of a captiue, as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it poze Rosalind by experience, for being euery way distressed, surcharged with cares, and overgrolone with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy hart the perfection of pong Rosader, a man euery way absolute, as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beautie, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present

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sent estate, thou art poore, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a ponger brother, and boyde of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or: reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by looks: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, then a diam of heare me, that gold is sweeter then eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuel: that Venus coffers should be euer full. Then Rosalind seeing Rosader poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, so; that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue.

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Thus Rosalind, be not ouerrash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such a one as may with his lands purchase the liberty, or else loue not at all. Choose not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say, Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homer foreis.

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties: Can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbor such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more then honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. So Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either Rosader or none: and why: because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions, taking out her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty.

Rosalinds Madrigall.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,
doth sucke his sweets:
Now with his wings he plaies with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will ye?
And if I sleepe, then pearceeth he,
with prettie flight.

And

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And makes his pillow of my knee,
the linclong night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke plaies, if so I sing,
He lends me euery louchy thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting,
Whist wanton still yee.

Else I with Roses euery day,
will whip you hence :

And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence.

Ile shut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas what hereby shall I winne,

If he gaine say me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod ?

He will repaie me with annoy,
because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be,

Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid so thou pittie me,

Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Spadrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the pères of France, who were enamored at her beauty : which Torismond perceiuing, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his preiudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court ; for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of fauor that it pleades pittie in the eye of euery man, her beautie is so heavenly and diuine, that she will proue to me as Helen did to Priam : some one of the Pères will aime at her loue, end the marriage, and then in his wines right attempt the kingdome. To prevent had-I-wist in all these actions, she carries not about the court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else
sake

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sicke other fortunes. In this humoꝝ, with a sterne countenance full of wrath he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Pæres that charged her, that that night shee were not sicke about the Court: foꝝ (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynd, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldlie brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared herselfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, no: durst his Lords pleade foꝝ Rosalind, although her beautie had made some of the passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued her moze then herselfe, with griefe in hart, & teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreate her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father, in defence of Rosalind.

If (mightie Torismond) I offend in pleading foꝝ my friende, let the law of amitie craue pardon foꝝ my boldnes: foꝝ where there is depth of affection, there friendshipde aloweth a priuiledge. Rosalind and I haue bene fostered by from our infancies, & nursed vnder the harboꝝ of our conuersing together with such priuate familiarities, that custome hath wrought an vnion of nature, and the sympathy of our affectiones such a secret loue, that wee haue two bodies and one soule. When maruaile not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distressed, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorowes: foꝝ her vertuous and honozable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge loue, and race out suspicion, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature hath honozed you with al dutie, as her owne father by nurture, not in woꝝd uttering any discontent, no: in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my fauour. Her wisdome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not to decipher, onely it rests foꝝ mee to conclude in one woꝝd, that she is innocent. If whẽ fortune, who triumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended Stratagem) to taint Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by

D.

Witnesse:

Euphues

withnesse: which proued, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can anouch any confirmed relation of her intent, vse iustice my Lord, it is the glorie of a king, & let her line in your wondred fauor: for if you banish her, my selfe as a copartner of her hard fortunes will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this spech of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as tyrannie seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, & chert her by with such taunts, as made the Lordes (that onely were hearers) to tremble. Proude girle (quoth hee) hath my lookes made thee so light of tongue, or my fauours incouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darrest presume to preach after thy Father? Hath not my peres more experience then thy youth, and the winter of my age deeper insight into ciuill policie, then the prime of my flourishing daies? The old Lion auoides the toiles, where the young one leaps into the net: the care of age is prouident, and foreses much: suspicion is a vertue, where a man holds his enemy in his bosome. Thou, fowd girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy hart loues, thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest, that in liking Rosalind, thou hatchest by a bird to peck out thine owne eyes, thou wouldest intreat as much for her absence, as thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit downe huswife, and fall to your needle, if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so malapert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maid) this night be packing, either into Arden to your Father, or whether best it shall content your humors, but in the court you shall not abide.

This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalind, wishing her Father (if his censure might not be reuerst) that hee woulde appoint her partner of her exile: which if he refused, either she woulde by some secret meanes scale out & follow her, or else end her daies with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his hart was so hardened against her, that hee set downe a definite and peremptorie sentence, that they should both be banished: which presently was done. The Tyrant rather chusing to hazard the losse of his onely child, then anie waies to put in question the state of his kingdome, so suspicious and fearefull is the conscience of an usurper. Well, though his Lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reuert, but both of them
must

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must awake from the Court, without either more companie, or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left these two Ladies alone: Rosalind wared herie sad, and sate downe and wept, *Alinda* the smil-
led, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed Rosalind.

Why how now *Rosalind*, dismayd with a frowne of contrary so-
tune: Haue I not oft heard thee saie, that high minds were dis-
couered in fortunes contempt, and heroicall seeme in the depth of ex-
tremities: Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distresse,
that the sweetest salve for miserie was patience, and the onelie medi-
cine for want, the precious implaster of content: bearing such a good
Physitian to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe: But
perchance thou wilt saie:

Consulenti nunquam caput doloit.

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease, can finde
in themselves, neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (*Rosa-
lind*) admit of the counsel of a friend, and apply the salues that may
appease thy passions. If thou grieuest, that bearing the Daughter of a
Prince, that enuie thwartes thee with such hard exigents, thinke that
royaltie is a faire marke, that crownes haue crosses when mirth is in
cottages: they say the fairer the Rose is, the sooner it is bitten with
Caterpillers, the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a
blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honoꝝ, so it hath much
enuie. If then fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient *Rosalind*, for
first by thine exile thou goest to thy Father: nature is higher prized
then wealth, and the loue of our Parents ought to be more precious
then all dignities: why then doth my *Rosalind* griene at the frowne
of *Torismond*, who by offering her a prejudice, proffers her a greater
pleasure: and more (madde lasse) to be melancholie, when thou hast
with thee *Alinda* a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of all thy
misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, & chuseth rather to
b:oke all extremities then to forsake thy presence. What *Rosalind*,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Cherely woman, as we haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, wee will
be fellow mates in pouertie: I will euer be thy *Alinda*, and thou shalt
euer rest to me *Rosalind*, so shal the world canonize our friendship,

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and speake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Palades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merri-
lie say (calling to mind our forspassed miseries:)

Olim hac meminisse iuuabit. -

At this Rosalind beganne to comfort her, and after she had wept a fewe kind teares in the bosome of her Alinda, she gaue her hartly thanks, and then they sate them downe to consult howe they should trauele. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Eulsh (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman, and hast not a suddaine shift to preuent a mis fortune: I thou seest am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a page, thou shalt be my Mistresse, & I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company soeuer I come I will not be discovered: I will buy mee a sute, and haue a Rapier very handsomly at my side, & if any knaue offer wrong, your page will shewe him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered by all their iewels, which they trusted by in a Casket, and Rosalind in all hast provided her of robes: and Alinda bring called Aliena, and Rosalind Ganimede, they trauailed along the Turcyards, and by many by-ways, at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauailed for the space of two or thre dayes without seeing any creature, bearing often in danger of wild beastes, and pained with many passionate sorowes. Now the black ore beganne to tread on their fate, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie, but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalind, she thought euer danger a step to honour.

Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountain, compassed with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an arbor. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such virtuales as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had bene in Paris with all the Kings delicacies: Aliena onely grieuing that they coulde not so much as mete with a Shepheard to discourse the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting by his eye, espied where on a tree was engrauen certaine verses, which as soon as hee espied, hee
cried

golden Legacie.

cried out, be of good chere mistress, I spy the figures of men, for here in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite heere about. With that Aliens start vp ioyfully to heare these verses, and looked, where they found in the barke of a pine tree, this passion.

Montanus Passion.

HAdst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold,
 Makes *Tanaïs* hard, and mountaines siluer old:
 Had I complaind vnto a marble stone,
 Or to the floods bewraid my bitter mone,
 I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
 But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
 Whilst heauens did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe.
 Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,
 Hadst prettie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Morbas* teares,
 Or by my plaints to pierce repining eares:
 Hadst thou the hart to smile at my complaint,
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,
 I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
 But not my reares, but truth with thee preuailes,
 And seeming sowre thy sorrowes thee assailes:
yen small reliefe.
 For if thou wilt, thou art of Marble hard:
 And if thou please, my sute shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliens) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the cruelty of his mistress. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of iwaire, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdain, and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you

Euphues

see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his mistress as froward as he was enamored. And I pray you (quoth *Aliena*) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyricall against Women: Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest: Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if he doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from loue, that hee will anger euerie beine in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am *Alienas* Page, not as I am Gerismonds Daughter: so put me but in a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance to the bittermost, that women are curteous, constant, berous, and what not: Staie there (quoth *Aliena*) and no more sponder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Birch tree: let vs see quoth Ganimede, and with that they read a fancie written to this effect.

First shall the heauens want starrie light,
The seas be robbed of their waues,
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graues,
The Aprill flowers, and leafe, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills,
By humble plaines be ouerpride,
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And *Iris* lose her coloured weede,
Before I faile thee at thy neede.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And enuie pittie euery paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First

golden Legacie.

First Time shall staie his staillesse race,
And winter blesse his browes with corne,
And Snow bemoysten Iulies face,
And winter spring, and summer mourne,
Before my penne by helpe of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

MOMANUS.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth *Aliena*) but see I pray when you women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo the with many fained promises, alluring with sweet wordes as the Sycens, and after proving as trothlesse as Aeneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false: The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens sonnes, and took the fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer bene troubled with inconstancie. Leane off (quoth *Aliena*) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your Pages apparrell and whip you, as Venus dooth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade me to flatterie, and that needs not: but come, seeing we haue found here by this fount, the tract of Shepheards by their Padrigals, and Roundelayers, let vs so:ward, for either we shall find some folds, sheep-coats, or else some cottage, wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth *Aliena*) and with that they rose vp, and marched so:ward till toward the euen: and then coming into a faire valley compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs, they might descry where two flocks of sheepe did feede.

When looking about, they might perceiue where an olde Shepheard sate, and with him a young swaine, vnder a couert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as shee meant to wrappe Tellus in the gloze of her vestments: round about in forme of an Amphitheater, were most curiouslie planted Pine trees, interseamed with Lunons, and Citrons,
which

Euphues

which with the thicknes of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not p̄ie into the secret of that Arboꝝ, so united were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there in her iollitie, haue dallied vnsc̄ne with her dearest paramoꝝ: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font so Christaline & clere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemadiades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour sate these two Shepheards, siring their sharpe teede, playing on theyꝝ pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into such amorous chat, & a twing more nigh, we might discerie the countenance of the one to be full of sorrowe: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing hee seemed to die: we (to see what these two were) stole p̄uily behind the thick, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

S Ay shepheards boy, what makes thee greeke so sore?
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Young are thy yeeres, thy cheekes with Roses dighr,
Then sing for ioy (sweete swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy, and this climbing Pine
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring.
Till Phœbus daine all Wellward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeete is melodie,
To him whom proud contempt hath overborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my ieopardy.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phoenix* of my faithfull hart,
And though his furie doe inforce my smart,
Ah blith am I to honour his behest.

Preparde

golden Legacie.

Preparde to woes since so my *Phaëbe* wils,
My lookes dismaid since *Phaëbe* will disdain:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine,
So streame my teares as showers from Alpine hills.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust:
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.

Deuouide of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

Coridon.

Ah loral lad, what makes thee herry loue,
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:
A painted shrine fullild with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hel to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still want,
A broken staffe which follie doth vphold:
A flower that fades with euery frostie cold,
An orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe,
A subtil net to snare the idle minde:
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy *Montanus* follow mine areede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancie vseth:
Leaue foolish loue, for beautie wit abuseth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus.

So blames the child the flame, because it burnes,
And bird the snare, because it doth entrap:

E.

And

Euphues

And fooles true loue, because of sorry hap,
And failers curse the ship that ouerturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
And birds beware to trust the foulers gin :
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
And maisters guide their ships in better frame.

The childe would praise the fire because it warms,
And birds reioyce to see the fouler faile :
And fooles prevent, before their plagues preuaile,
And failers bleste the barke that saues from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeares,
And crooked elde hath some experience left :
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.

The plough-man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skils to guide the plough-mans cart :
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of art,
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mightie men.

Nor wethered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impression)
Discourse of that, whose choise possession,
May neuer to so base a man be tyed.

But I (whome nature makes of tender mo'de,
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my hauen and heauen on sweete desire :
On sweete desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, O how my lines aspire !
Hast thou the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Law. all bowes,
And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire.

Then

golden Legacie.

Then leaue my lines their homelię equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne :
Amaz'd I read the stile when I haue done,
And herry loue that sent that heavenly rage .

Of *Phæbe* then, of *Phæbe* then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts, I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the nimph that yeelds me loue-sick paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
Guides in the Labyrinth of restlesse loue,
Feare lends them pasture wherefoere they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth still.

My sheep-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reed
My paper where my many woes are written ;
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in wofull weede.

Yet are my cares, by broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for *Phæbe* sweet to me :
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweet :
So willethe loue, and *Phæbe* thinks it meete,
And kind *Montanus* liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,

Euphues

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poyfneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepar'd to shame,
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee traect the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) cursed is the charme,
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time to like these vanities,
Be forward to thy good, flie thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* dailie shields,
As many frie as fleete an Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many starres as glorious heaurn contains,
As many stormes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes:
So many griefes in loue, so many paines.

Suspition, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
Mistlikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despair.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time lost, laments, reports, and priue grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice, shame: for friendship, hate.

Montanus.

All Adder-like I stopt mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that stragling range,
For lo, the sunne declineth hence awaine.

Terentius

golden Legacie.

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia : iudicia, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursus : incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihil plus agas, quam fides operam, ut eum ratione insanias.

The Shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue ; Aliena slept with Ganimede from behind the thicket : at whose suddaine sight the Shepheards rose , and Aliena saluted them thus : Shepheards all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flocks) and loners good lucke, for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnessse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplered thoughts: wandring this way in a forest unknowne, onely I & my Page , wearied with travel, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbor (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankful to you, contented in my selfe, & gratefull to whomsoever shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curteously, returned her mildlie and reuerently this aunswere.

Faire Mistris, wee returne you as hartie a welcome as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his shepe : full of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Erhozt him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distressed, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie : pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot : mary if you want lodging, if you boughsafe to shroud your selues in a shepherds cottage, my house for this night shall bee your harbor. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently fate her downe, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey biewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pittying her distresse, was desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renewe your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to knowe the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forest? Aliena

Euphues

(that was as courteous as shee was faire) made this replie: Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought neuer to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. I know therefore, to discouer my fortunes, were to renew my sorrows, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: so; I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a Shepherdesse, meaning to line low, and content me with a country life: so; I haue heard the Swaine say, that they drunke without suspicion, and slept without care. My Distresse quoth *Coridon*, if you meane so, you come in good time, so; my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I sheepe, and cheape you may haue them so; ready money: and so; the Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but line a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggery, so it can be no extreame preiudice: the next yere may mend all with a fresh increase. Ennie stirres not vs, wee couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee erre we not ill diet, so wee haue enough to satisfie: and Mistrisse, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit*.

By my truth Shepheard (quoth *Aliena*) thou makest mee in loue with thy Country life, and therefore send so; thy Landlorde, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder mee, be ouersar of them both: onely so; pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, leade the flocks to the field, and fold them: thus wil I line quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The nelues so gladdened the hart of *Coridon*, that hee should neuer be put out of his farme, that putting off his Shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while sate *Monanus* in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his *Phoebe*, whom he wooed long, but was in hope to winne. *Ganymede*, who still had the remembrance of *Rolander* in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so unperious. At last when hee had noted his

golden Legacie.

his teares that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his hart, pittyping his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Wh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer loue, else shouldst not thou see me so pensue. Lone I tell thee, is as precious in a shepheards eye, as in the looks of a King, and we countrie swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection. Oppozitutie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harborzeth in our cottages, and loyaltie the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth is found more among shepheards then higher degrés. Then aske not if such silly swaines can loue: what is the cause then quoth Ganimede that loue being so swéete to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the party beloued is frostward: and hauing curtesie in her looks, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende, what hath she then (quoth *Aliena*) in hart: desire I hope Adam (quoth he) or else my hope lost, dispaire in loue were death. As thus they chatted, the sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing folded their shepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their shepe so: that night. You shall see, quoth *Aliena*, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous sonet, that he made when he had bene deeply pained. What I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus,

Montanus.

Phoebe fate,
Sweete she fate:
Sweete fate Phoebe when I saw her.
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighes I sent:
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.
Oh my loue,
Thou art lost:
Since no sight could euer ease thee;

Phoebe

Euphues

Phoebe fate,

By a fount :

Sitting by a fount I spide her.

Sweete her touch,

Rare her voyce :

Touch and voyce, what may distaine you ?

As she sung,

I did sigh :

And by sighs whilst that I tride her.

Oh mine eyes,

You did loose :

Her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phoebes flockes,

White as wooll :

Yet were Phoebus lookes more whiter.

Phoebes eyes

Doone-like milde :

Doone-like eyes, both milde and cruell.

Montan swears

In your lap,

He will die for to delight her,

Phoebe yeeld,

Or I die,

Shall true harts be fancies fuell ?

Montanus had no soner ended his Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtesie rose vp, and went with his fellow, and shut theyr shepe in the foldes : and after returning to Aliena and Ganymede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue : hee resolving Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepheardesse in all France, and that in his eye, her beautie was equall to the Nymphes.

But quoth hee, as of all stones, the Diamond is most clearest, and yet most hard so; the Lapidarie to cut, as of all flowers the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles : so of all our countrie Lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to scoope vnto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus,

who

golden Legacie.

who for his high disdaine against loue, perished in the toile of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede gladdened of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore Swaine: and though they had but country fare, and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great, & their cares so little, that they counted they diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had ben in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bedde, as wearied with the toile of vnaccustomed trauell: but as soon as they got vp, Alinda resolved there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon. swapt a bargain with his Landlord, and so became a Mistresse of the farme and of the flock: her selfe putting on the attire of a Shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: euerie day leading forth her flocks, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the Shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flaxe, nor Steele in the flume: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early he cald by certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the Chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his Hall, chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this suddaine extremity, wherein he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexitie. Who thus abused, fel into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could he had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholie. In which humour hee continued two or thre dayes without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no hope hee fell into despair of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde Seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and loue he ought to his old Maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnnes mishap, and therefore although Saladine had giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of them, on paine of death, should

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giue either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could prouide, and vnlockt him, and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt her was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being asleepe) he would haue quit Saladine with the method of his owne mischiefe: but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir quoth he, be content, for this night goe againe to your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and saue the life of an olde seruant. To morrow hath your brother inuited all your kindred and alies to a soleinne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, sicco pede, and helpe with the violence of your brother befoze your innocencie, then thus: I will leaue you vnlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you, and another for mee. When I giue you a winae, shake off your chaines, and let vs play the men and make hauock amongst them, drine them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses.

These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stode there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladine, whom hee intreated with surteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered, and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewed the where his brother was bound, and was inchaind as a man lunatike. Rosader made reply, and with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they would in pittie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stoppt their eares with Whistles, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed onely his passions to the wind. They carrie the same with Saladine to dinner, beeing very frolike and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred pell-mell in to their braines, they began in satiricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines, got

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got a pollare in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and surp, that he hurt many, flew some, and braue his brother, and at the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doore, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good virtuales, he sate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd by the house, least vpon a sodain his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprize them vnawares. But Saladine tooke a contrary course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, toke with him fise and twenty tall men, and made a-bow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to cōpe him in till he made him yeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Actoes of this was brought to Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brokt all the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladine and he drew nare, with a troope of lusty gallants. At this he smild, & cald Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shall I do: It rests in me, either to yeld by the house to my brother, and seeke a reconciliation, or else issue out, and break through the company with courage: for coopt in like a coward, I will not be. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishono: my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauo: me, and that I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so bnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then maister forward, and feare not, out amongst them, they be but fainthearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your fote, say he is a dastard. These words cheered vp the heart of young Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sōner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlokt for, leapt out, and

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assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that *Adam* and he broke through the presse in despight of them all, and take their way towards the Forrest of *Arden*. This repulse so set the Sheriffes hart on fire to reuenge, that he strait raised all the country, and made Hue and Cry after them. But *Rolander* and *Adam* knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the Vineyards, stole away priuily through the prouince of *Burdoux*, and escaped safe to the Forrest of *Arden*. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euery object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them mirrors of mutability, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by waies to get to *Lions*, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the Forrest, where they wandered 5 or 6 dayes without meate, & they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, *Adam* *Spencer* (being old) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where *Rolander* lay as fable and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shed teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers speech.

Oh how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euery calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures end in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The iopes of man, as they are few, so are they momentary, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy doodes art froward and sickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to decipher thy inconstancy: Thou standest vpon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maiest euer be restless: thou art double faced like *Ianus*, carrying frowns in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou profferest an ale, and performest a scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the scare of the extreamest

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misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against fortune? she laughes at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, then to heare tales beatt up by sabling allurements, or sorrowful men to discolour the flower of their passions. Let her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old Adam, and thy haire is ware white, the Palme tree is already full of blowes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the kalenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeeres could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor doe I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worship of his house, the honor of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most inurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Ah Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeares, burome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the mirror of her excellence: and now through the decre of the vniuersall stars, to haue all these good parts nipt in the blade, and blennisht by the inconstancie of fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happy should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perrish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doe: prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was ready to goe forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, sayd: what chere maister: though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eyes, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah Adam quoth hee, I sorrowe not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honor, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wild

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beast, & perrish as his pray: I were satished, but to die with hunger: Oh Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate: seeing therefore we can find no food, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honors, let me then die, I will presently cut my beynes: and maister, with the warme blood, relieue your fainting spirits, suck on that till I end, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage, though very faint, rose vp, and wilst Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my mind gines me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, & ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawning of his loyalty. It hapned that day, that Gerismond the latefull King of France, banished by Toismond, who with a lusty crew of outlawes liued in that forest, that day in honor of his birth, made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and benison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men, hauing store of that; for want of which he and Adam perished, he slept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatsoeuer thou be that art maister of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forest for want of food: perrish we must, vlesse relieved by thy fauors. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are every way worthy of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of actiuitie whatsoever, and if he and thou proue me not a man, sent me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy rates, I will haue amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die balliantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter passion, was moued with so great pittie, that rising from the table, he took him by the hand, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitte downe in his place, and in his roome not only to eate his fill, but as

golden Legacie.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a sabbie friend that lyes heere by famished almost for fode, aged, and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe; & dishonour it to re for me to take one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glabbe of so happy fortune, but sabbie hee was that he could not goe: whereuppon Rosader got him uppon his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship: and Rosader having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squiers sel to theyr victuals, & feasted themselves with good delicacies, and great scope of wine. As soon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune brane them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way preiudiciall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his exordium with a bolde of sighs, and a few lute warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him from point to point al his fortunes, how he was the yongest sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men he fled: and this old man (quoth he) to whom I doe much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old sernant of my Fathers, and one (that for his love) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, hee fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discourseing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his Father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subject he lived, & howe honourable he died: promising for his sake, to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his Followers.

Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reverence, & humbly gaue him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if hee had bene lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether hee had seen his daughter Rosalind or no. At this Rosader

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Rosalind fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, hee revealed to the King how Rosalind was banished, and how there was such a sympathy of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that they chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the beneuolent King banished them both: and now they are wanderers, none knowes together, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes brake the King into a great melancholie, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his private chamber, so secret as the harbor of the winds would not tell him. The company was all dazled at these tidings, and Rosalind and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest, whither we leane them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosalind came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the Lands of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenges, found iust occasion to quarrell with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herald, hee sent for Saladine in all post hast, who marueiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but well beloued with his innocencie, hee boldly went with the Herald into the Court. Where as soone as he came, hee was not admitted vnto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly, in that the Jayler had straight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, til at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe & disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

Saladines complaint.

V Happy Saladine, whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires waage within the Labrynth of these calamities. Are not the Pleaures doomers of mens doodes: And holds not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not onely disconuering little nature, but blinding the eye of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most

louing

golden Legacie.

louing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, so it should be: but thou hast with the Deere, sedde against the wind, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and sought to preuent nature by unkindness. Rosader wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladine) cries for reuenge, his youth pleades to G D D to inflict some penance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of displeasure to crosse thee: Thou hast highly abused thy kinde and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quit thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hel to a minde touched with guilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wingeth a droppe of blood from my hart: euery badde looke, euery frowne pincheth mee at the quicke, and saies, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death, entertained him, and demanded of him where his brother was: Saladine made aunswere, that vppon some riot made against the Sheriffe of the shiere, he was fledde from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whether. Say villaine (quoth hee) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Wherefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Country of Fraunce, and let thy departure be within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt lose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at this exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and penance of his former follies, to trauell abroade in euery Coast, till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I do begin.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, trauesing the groues and wild Forrests: partly to heare the melody of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indeuour in his maisters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hee did, or howsoeuer hee walked, the liuely image of Rosalind remained in memory: on her sweet perfections he sedde his thoughts piewing himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

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knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beauty. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie and place conuenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the woods, hee ingraued with his knife on the barke of a spire tree, this pretty estimate of his mistris perfection.

Sonetto.

Of all chaste birds the Phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell:
Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides my *Rosalynd* is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,
To all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweetes, I like my mistris best,
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest,

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth loue,
Of prettie fowles, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees, *Minerva* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalynd*.

Of all her gifts her wisdome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalynd* prooue cruell and vnkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his *Rosalynd*, and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heat of the sun to seek for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forester registred his melancholy passions: they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes: they heard him often abruptly call on *Rosalynd*, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon guessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sere, being pittifull in that behalfe, they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes forester: hast thou wounded some Deere, and lost him in the fall: Care not man for so small a losse, thy sex was but the

golden Legacie.

the skin, the shoulder, and the hynes: his hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike, and yet go without the game.

How art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighes discouer more losse: perhaps in tra-
nerking these thickets, he hath some some beautifull Symph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath netoly engrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the for-
resters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing his name Ro-
salind, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede lo-
king backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet
thinking to shrowde all vnder his pages apparell, she boldly retur-
ned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynd for: whom
thou pinest away in such passions: Is she some Symph that waits
vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast desciphered in such
Epethites: Or is she some shepheardesse that haunts these plaines,
whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancy, whose name thou sha-
dowest in court vnder the figure of Rosalynd, as Ouid did Iulia,
vnder the the name of Cerinna: Or say me so: sooth, is it that Rosalind
of whom we shepheards haue heard talke, the (Forrester) that is the
daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Dut-
law in this Forrest of Arden. At this Rosader fetcht a deep sigh,
and sayd: it is she, O gentle swain, it is she, that Saint it is whom
I serue, that Goddess, at whose shrine I do bend all my deuotions,
the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that scire, and the pu-
rity of all earthly perfection. And why [gentle Forrester] if she be so
beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy
thoughts: Happily she resembleth the Rose, that is, swete, but
full of prickles: or the Serpent Regins that hath scales as glorious
as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is dead-
ly: So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind, full of
faueur, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull without
reason.

O shepheard quoth Rosader, knewest thou her personage graced
with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbo: whererin the
Graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldest not breath out such blas-
phemy against the bruteous Rosalynd. She is a diamond, bright,

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but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a Rose without prickles, and a princeesse absolute, as well in beautie, as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sun, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamored my selfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainfull, but far more chaste then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloud. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts about my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a princeesse, whose honors are too high to bouchtase such base loues.

Worthy Forrester quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe, be blithe and frolicke man. None followeth as low, as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag as soone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens looks are not tied to dignities feather, no: make thy curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer twonne faire lady. But where liues Rosalynd now, at the Court?

Oh no quoth Rosader, she liues I know not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: so might I but find her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her pity, the plaint of my passions, hope tels me she would grace me with some fauor: and that would suffice, as recompence of all my former miseries: much haue I heard of my mistris excellence, and I know forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hath suruayed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauor, to tell me what her perfections be. What I will quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistresse excellence. And with that he pulld a paper forth his bosome, wherein he read this,

Rosalynds description.

Like to the cleare in highest spheare,
Where all imperiall glory shines,
Of selfe same colours is her haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho, faire *Rosalynd*.
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,

Refining

golden Legacie.

Refining heauen by euery wincke:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
That beautifies *Auroras* face,
Or like the siluer Crimson shroud,
That *Phœbus* smiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, fayre *Rosalynd*.

Her eyes are like to budded Roses,
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to inrice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately tower,
Where loue himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces euery houre,
From her diuine and sacred eyes,
Heigh ho, for *Rosalynd*.

Her paps are centers of delight,
Her paps are robes of heauenly frame,
Where nature molds the dew of light,
To feede perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble white, with Rubie blew,
Her body euerie way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweete in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalynd*.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.
Then muse not Nymphs though I bemone,

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The absence offaire Rosalynd,
Since for her faire there is fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine.

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.
Peris, quia deperibat.

Belæue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalind farre above wonder: it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosalind beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle page thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to waite on beautifull ladies, and not to be beautifull themselves. Oh mistris (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knows not, but that all women haue desire to tie soueraigntie to their petticoates, and ascribe beauty to themselves, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tell me Forrester, (and with that the turnd to Rosalinder) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walk? Gentle Swain, vnder the King of Outlawes, sayd he, the vnforsunate Gerismond, who hauing lost his kingdome, crowneeth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not sayd she, (hauing so melancholy oportunities as the forrest affoordeth thee) written more sonnets in commendations of thy mistris? I haue gentle swain quoth he, but they be not about me, to morrow by dawns of y day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shall read my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you read it: till when, I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaning them to their pittie prattle. So Ganimede (sayd Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an icoll of your beauty: surely it grieues me not a little to see the poore man so pensifue, and you so pittilesse.

Oh Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your iudgements, I
heare

golden Legacie.

heare Rosalind praife as I am Ganymede, but were I Rosalynd, I could answer the Forrester: if he mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynd cannot be faire and vnhind. And so Spadame you see it is time to solde our flockes, or els Coridon will froline, & say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliens as merrie as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but the poore soule, that had loue her load-starre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancy, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance poore Rosader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe.

Rosalynde passionate alone.

A Rosalinde, how the satrs haue set downe in their booke to make thee vnhappy: for when fortune hath done her worst, then Lones comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her son in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware for a girl, he is an vnruely guest to harbor: for entering in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Woe thou not howe Venus seeks to wrap thee in her Labozynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, care, and discontent: she is a Siren, stoppe thine eares at her melody: she is a basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perishe. Thou art now placed in the country content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Labonds where thy flockes feede, Diana haunts: be as her nymphs, chaste, an enemy to loue: for there is no greater honor to a maide, than to account of fancy as a mortall foe to their sere. Daphne, that bonny wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets saie, but for her chastity, her sune was immortall, resembling the lantrell that is euer greene. Followe thou her steppes Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an erile, & banished from the court, whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Haue mind on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in hast, thou repent thee at leasure. Ah but yet Rosalind, it is Rosader that courts thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous

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ous, and harborēth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therefore Rosalind stoop to loue, least, being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waite too; and plague thee with the reward of disdain.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the North. Whersuppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalind, who was so full of passions, that she coulde not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner slept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede: who restless all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to unfold their shape. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton: the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried by the pearled dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fit to leade the Shape abroad, least the dewe being vnwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the olde prouerbe true, hee is in halfe whom the deuill diues, and where loues prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy hart: What hast thou to apt loue in thy looks: and set all thy thought's on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractive of faire Yeat, and retentive like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the objects, till gazing on the Panthers beautifull skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (qd. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either thou thinke the morning cold, or els I being gone, thou wouldst steale a napp: this shift carries no paulme, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdain as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore wake you to your selfe, be not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend: no; too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Pocant*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so earlie this

golden Legacie.

this morning. And with that she kipt on her petticoat, and start vp: and as soone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with the bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torimond. They came no sooner npe the felds, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholie. As soone as Aliena saw him, she smild, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes swéting, for ponder is your sweet hart this morning in dép prayers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thée lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his dépe *memento*, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this mornge, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind. Take heed Forrester, step not too farre, the For'd may be dépe, and you slippe ouer the shoes: I tell thée, flies haue their splaine, the ants choller, the least haire shadowed, and the smallest loues great desires. 'Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer-loue, least in louing her that likes thée not, thou solde thy selfe in an endlesse Labozinth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse & her prettie swaine, in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle Shepheards, all haile, and as healthful be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is restless, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that there I find busle thoughts, and broken slumbers; here, (although euery where passionate) I bwahe loue with more patience, in that euery object sedes mine eye with varietie of fancies: when I looke on Floras beauteous tapisserie, checker'd with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose beauntifull hue excédes the rose and Lillie in theyr highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phoebus shine puts mee in minde to thinke on the sparkling flames that fléwe from her eyes, and set my hart first on fire: The sweet harmony of the birds, puts mee in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I sawe my sorowes, with applying the perfection of euery object to the excellencie of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) & so much, that I

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hane oft twicht with my selfe, that if I should ever proue as amorous as Oenon, I might find as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item Forrester: (quoth Ganymede) the faire Shepheardeesse fauours you, who is mistris of so many flocks. Leave off man the suspicion of Rosalind; loue, when as snatching at her, you rouse beyond the spone, and cast your lookes vpon my mistris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royall, one birde in the hand, is worth tino in the wood: better possesse the loue of Aliena, then catch fruitolously at the shadowe of Rosalind.

He tell the boy, quoth Rosader, so is my fancie fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy mistris as faire as Leada; Danae, whom loue courted in transfomed shapes, mine eyes would not bouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath Loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutlie possesse the excellence of another. Venus is too blame Forrester, if hauing so true a seruunt of you, she rewardeth you not with Rosalind, if Rosalind were moze fairer then herselfe.

Leaning this prattle, now He put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I haue them about me, quoth Rosader, let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a graine banke, shadowed with fig trees, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselues to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:

Yet fith for her they wept who guides my hart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs;
Where Venus baynes herselfe incensd with loue,
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathered wings,
But I, behold what paines I must approue.

Care drinks it dry, but when on her I thinke;
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meane

golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
 By them the windes im reast and fiercely blow:
 Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
 And by their force, with greater power doth glo.
 Amids these paines, all Phcenix like I thrive,
 Such lone that yelds me death, may life reuiue.

Rosader en esperance.

How surely forrester, quoth Aliens, when thou madest this son-
 net, thou wert in some amorous quandary, neither too fearefull, as
 dispaireing of thy mistris fauours, nor too glésome, as hoping in thy
 fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonnettoes, Can-
 zones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelaies, that these pensine pati-
 ents poure out, when their eyes are more full of wantonneffe, then
 their hearts of passions. When, as the fishers put the sweetest baite
 to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues,
 when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt
 in an endlesse laborinty of sorrowe, when walking in the large leas
 of liberty, they onely haue their humors in their inckpot. If they
 find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to
 their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorge with pleasures:
 and then sie they away (like ramage Bites) to their owne content,
 leauing the tame sole their mistris full of fancy, yet without euer
 a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some waric wanton, that
 wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtilty) they end
 their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their
 Mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such
 (gentle forrester) we may déme you to be, that rather passe away
 the time here in these woodes with writting amozets, then to bee
 deeply enamored (as you say) of your Rosalynd. If you be such
 a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the high-
 est, and your desires to be most excellent, then that you may with
 Ixion, embrace Iuno in a clowd, and haue nothing but a marble mi-
 stress to release your martirdome: but if you be true and trustie,
 rie-paind and hart-sicke, then accursed bee Rosalynd if she prove
 cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as she.
 Aliens spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how
 Ganimede flew to the skil without any call: but Rosader, who

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toke him flat fo: a shepheards swaine, made him this answer.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canyon was twit-
ten in so much humo:fo: mine eyes and mine hart are relatives, the
one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrowe.
If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath fa-
voured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her,
with what qualities the gods haue endued her: then wouldest thou
say, there is none so fickle that could be starting vnto her. If she had
bene Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Car-
thage, yet her excellence (despight of them) would haue detained him
at Tyre. If Phillis had bene as beautrous, or Ariadne as vertu-
ous, or both so honorable and excellent as she: neither had the phil-
bert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres
haue bene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had
bene trusty to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a
deepe insight thou couldest pierce into the secret of my loues: and see
what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made my heart:
then wouldest thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse en-
dued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there
patience in loue? Or els in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a rest-
lesse soze, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that ta-
keth away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine
ioyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and
mightly woes be found in loue, then is not he to be accounted pati-
ent, that smothers all these passions with silence: Thou speakest by
experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold all thy words
fo: Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? Is it (quoth he)
either extream or meane, according to the mind of the partie that
entertaines it: fo: as the weeds grow longer vntoucht than the
pretty flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the E-
merald is suffering the Lapidaries tole: so meane men are freed
from Venus iniuries, when kings are inuironed with a labyrinth
of cares. The whiter the Latone is, the deeper is the moale, the
more purer the Chistolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue
their harts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sor-
rowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he stretch his dart, he
neuer leaueth to assault him, till either he hath won him to folly, or
sancy: so: as the mone neuer goes with out the star Lunifera, so a
Louer

golden Legacie.

Loeuer neuer goeth without the burrest of his thoughts. For: please,
you shall heare another fancy of my making. Now doe gentle forre-
ster (quo h Ganimede) and with that he read ouer his Sonnetto,

Rosaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eyes:
It so I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in euery flower is found:
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the shades againe:
Wend I to walke in secret groue,
Euen there I meete with sacred loue:
If so I bathe me in the spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be:
When as I talke of *Rosalynd*,
The God from coynesse waxeth kinde:
And seemes in selfe lame flame to fry,
Because he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Rosalynd* for pittie rue,
For why, than loue I am more true:
He if bespeed, will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Harry quoth Gani-
mede, for the pen, well, for the passion, ill: for as I praise the one, I
pitty the other, in that thou shouldst hunt after a Clowde, and loue
either without reward, or regarde. This not forwardnesse (quoth
Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue crost me with
her absence: for did she see my loues, she would not let me linger in
these sorowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and
estimate more (if they be honorable) the will than the wealth, hauing
loyalty that object whereto they aine their fancies. But leauing off
these enterparleys, you shall heare my last Sonetto, and then you

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haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaine:
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.

Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shrowd his *Lawres* praise,
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect,
Sith mine the faith confirmed at all assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men do respect,
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures,
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me indures.

Thus quoth Rosader, here is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the echo to answer him. Ganimede pittyping her Rosader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, sayd, that now the Sun was in his meridianall heate, and that it was high none, and therefore we shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the sunne and our stomackes are they beards Dials. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Alena toke the entertainment by the end, and tolde Rosader he should be her guest. He thank't them heartily, and sate with them doleone to dinner, where they had such eates as country State did allow them, salued with such content, and such swete pratie, as it seemed farre more swete then all their Courtly iunkets.

Asone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thanks for his good chare, would haue bene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to le: him passe out of her presence, began thus: Say Forrester, quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, siring thou saist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst tow. I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art. Rosader, see
in

golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue, howe if Rosalind were present, howe thou couldst court her, & while we sing of loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe and play vs melody. Content quoth Rosader. And Aliena, ther to shew her willingnesse, drets forth a recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Fosterer began thus.

¶ The wooing Eglogue betweene Rosalind and Rosader.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know.
Or what our thoughts or soltering tongue affords
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.
Sweet Rosalind my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) aye pittie mee
Thy lips are kind and humble like the Dowe,
And but with beautie, pittie will not be.
Looke on mine eyes madered with ruthfull teares.
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though young in yeeres,
And nought but loue or death my dayes befriendeth,
O let no stormie rigor knit thy browes,
Which loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
The yron yeelds with hammer and with heat:
Oh Rosalind then be thou pittifull,
For Rosalind is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

Loues wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
With vowes, with oathes, with looks, with showers of gold,
But when the fruit of their affects appears,
The simple hart by subtile sights is sold.
Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned baite,
Thus feedes the hart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus gluts the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

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The louely lookes, the sighes that storme so sore,
The dew of deepe dissembling doublenesse:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beantie leanes to wit and soothfastnes.

Oh *Rosalder*, then be thou wittifull,
For *Rosalind* scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosalder.

I pray thee *Rosalind* by those sweete eyes,
That staine the Sun in shine, the Moone in cleare,
By those sweet cheekes where loue incamped lies,
To kisse the Roses of the springing yeere.
I tempt thee *Rosalind* by ruthfull plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, far more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile,
So may the heauens preferue from hurtfull foodde,
Thy harmelesse flockes: so may the summer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy sheepe (the Cittizens of field)
Oh leaue to arme thy lonely browes with scorne,
The birds their beake, the Lyon hath his tayle:
And louers nought but sighes and bitter mourne,
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.

Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pittifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beaunfull.

Rosalind.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame,

Rosalder. And *Rosalind* my loue not any wooll more softer,
And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame?

Rosalind. Where loue is true, maides would belecue them offer.

Rosalder. Truth, and regard, and honour guide my loue.

Rosalind. Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

Rosalder. Oh pittie me sweete nymph, and doe but proue,

Rosalind. I will resist, but yet I know not why:

Rosalder. Oh *Rosalind* be kind, for times will change,
Thy lookes aye will be faire as now they be:
Thine age from beantie may thy lookes estrange,
Ah yeeld in time sweete Nymph and pittie me.

Rosalind

golden Legacie.

- Rosalind.* Oh *Rosalind*, thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosalind* is young and beautifull.
- Rosalind.* O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne !
- Rosalind.* O trull, betraide if *Rosalind* abuse me !
- Rosalind.* First, let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiect quite refuse me :
Let sorrowes streame about my harefull bower :
And wretchlesse horror hatcht within my breast :
Let beauteous eyes affect me with a lower :
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,
Ere *Rosalind* my loyaltie disproue,
Ere *Rosalind* accuse me for vaukind.
- Rosalind.* Then *Rosalind* will grace thee with her loue,
Then *Rosalind* will haue thee still in minde.
- Rosalind.* Then let me triumph more than *Tithans* deare,
Sith *Rosalind* will *Rosalind* respect,
Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,
And frolicke in the comfort of affect,
And say, that *Rosalind* is onely pittifull,
Sith *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Gamme de as Augure of some good fortunes light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. Now now forester, haue I not fitted your turne ? Haue I not plaid the woman handsomly, and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as courteous in distresse, and been as full of suspicion, as men of flatterie ? And yet to salue all, iumpe I not all by with the swete vnion of loue ? Did not *Rosalind* content her *Rosalind* ? The Forester at this smiling, shook his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle swaine) *Rosalind* hath his *Rosalind*, but as *Ixion* had *Iuno*, who thinking to possesse a Goddess, onely embraced a clowde : in these vnaginarie fructions of fancie, I resemble the byrds that fedde themselves with *Zeuxes* painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were gladd with *Aescopes* Cocke to scrape for a barly kernell : so fareth it with mee, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my *Mistres* fauours, soothe my

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selfe in thy lutes, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my love be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeres end, shall finde mee but a leane Lover. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe be-
uine some unfained end of ensuing fancies. And therewith quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so towe haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made by this iesting match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had wooed and won his Rosalind.

But all was well, hope is a sweet string to harp on, and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry for tunes leysure, till thee may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vlesse there were some chere, no: that bargaine well made, that was not stricken by with a cup of wine: and therefore she wold Ganimede to set out such rates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these rates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a measure of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalind, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne wared very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carowle: which done, they all thre arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phcebus that all this while hath ben partaker of our sports, seeing every woeman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies, seeing thou hast wonne Rosalind, when hee could not woe Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adieu in a cloude. Our shepe, the poore wantons wander towards theyr folds, as taught by nature theyr due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Hary though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and to morrow morning if you meet vs here, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maide as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosader, tis enough for mee in the night to dream on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue:
and

golden Legacie.

and so till to morrowe, you to your solds, and I will to my lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sower gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went & followed their flockis, & taking vp their hokes, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time sime short) beganne to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say, that what the fates fore point, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sticklers in Venus court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destiny: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: so; if Augurisme be authentickall, or the Diuines doomes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, so; so that end did the Gods force the conceite of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding. Thus quoth Ganimede, all is not maule that is cast on the laill, there goes more words to a bargain then one, loue sales no footing in the aire, and fancy holds it sleppery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Missis Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, so; now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, will not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will proue more burome, and you more blithe, so; the eies of the maister feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon where hee came plodding to mate them: who told them supper was readie, which netes made them speede them home. Where we will leaue them till the next morrowe, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux, and the Court of France by Torismond) wander by and doونه in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to gette to Lyons, and so trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-paths, and he vnskillfull of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced by into the Desert, not farre from the place where Gerismond was and his brother Rosader. Saladine wearie with wandring by and downe, & hungry with long fasting, finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and con-

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tempting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast fell into a dead sleepe. As he thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for prey, and espying Saladine, beganne to seaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to prey on dead carcases, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, beganne to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Deere, and but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, hee espied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more neere, he might easily discern his visage, and perceiuing by his physionomie that it was his brother Saladine, which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chaunce, maruailing what should driue his brother to trauerse those secret deserts without any company, in such distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time crauing no such doubting ambages, for hee must either be resolute to hazard his life in his reliefe, or else scale away, and leaue him to the crueltye of the Lion. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOW Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with Nettles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the brightness of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest, Saladine, thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine erile, subiect to the crueltye of a merciless Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigor, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing conuention, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine

golden Legacie.

Saladine shall die, and thou be free of his blood: he receiues mée for his amisse, and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shall thou returne vnto Burdeaux, and in ioy thy posterity by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes altars with garlands: For when Rosalynd heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrysocol, that is, euer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Iupiter sonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to bee most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare speare vpon his necke, alway he beganne to trudge. But he had not slept backe two or thre paces, but a new motion strooke him to the very heart, that resting his boare speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Oh Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Burdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe: Should the honor of the father shine in the actions of the sonne, and wilt thou dishonor thy parentage, in forgetting that nature of a gentleman: did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle: Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that salueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladine hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an erile in the Forrest, shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sinage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge: what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beasts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Lose not his life Rosader, to wiane a world of treasure: for in hauing him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friende, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honor shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe, then reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouse himselfe: whereupon Rosader suddainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast, that he had al-

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most false, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of sir Iohn of Burdeaux remaind, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the Lion, who at his death roared so loude, that Saladine awaked: and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweete a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceite) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon, (as a man in a trance) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last he burst into these tearmes. Sir, whatsoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour.) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which tyes me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any waies it please thee to command me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing he was unknowne to his brother, wondered to heare such courteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, he made this answer. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester, and a raunger of these walkes, who following my Dære to the fall, was conducted hether by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I saw thee sleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might prey vpon thy carcase. At the first sight I coniectured thee a gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee, by thy exterior lineaments, make discouer vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

Saladines discourse to Rosader
vunknowne.

Although

golden Legacie.

Although the discourse of my fortunes bee the renewing of my sor-
rowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound,
yet I may not proue vngratefull to so courteous a Gentleman, I will
rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then giue any offence by
smothering my griefe with silence. Knowe therefore (Sir) that I am
of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a
man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke
but the fame of his honors hath reacht further then the knowledge of
his personage. The unfortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am
I, my name Saladine, who succeding my Father in possessions, but
not in qualities hauing two Brethren committed by my father at his
death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie con-
cord, as might haue pierd like the Sphers melodie into my humane
eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall har-
monie, and made more value of profit, then of vertue, esteeming gold
sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans digni-
tie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler,
counting it enough if he might poze on a Booke, while I sate on his
reueneues: and for the younger, which was my Fathers ioy, young
Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sate him downe
and wept. Nay, forwarde man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the
vnfittest salve that man can apply to cure sorowes, and therefore
cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye
to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looke to discouer his thoughts,
and forwarde with thy discourse.

Sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine
eyes, and blood from my hart, was like my Father in exterior perso-
nage, and in insuarde qualities, for in the prime of his yeeres hee ap-
peared all his acts at honoz, and coveted rather to die, then to bwoke at
my iniurie vnworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom enuy had made
blind, and couetousnes masked with the veile of selfeloue, seeing the
Walne tree grow straight, thought to suppress it beeing a twigge,
but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond
brighr, the Carbuncle glittering, and vertue will shine though it be
neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and bled
him as one of my seruile hinders, vntill age grew on, and a secret in-
sight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that he coulde
not

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not broke it, but coveted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. So he sought Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour, untill at last by friends, and ayde of such as folloved golde more then right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distressed content. The Gods not able to suffer such impietie unreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrell against me, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throtone from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime like to seeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to end my yeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his Brother Saladine, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparks of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. When knowe Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery.

Saladine casting by his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and bluth at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, that he shewed him highly he held reuenge in scozne. Much adoe there was betwene these two Brethren, Saladine in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former iniuries: the one humble and submissive, the other milde and courteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature worketh an vnion of theyr thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter howe all had hapned betwixt them. The King
looking

golden Legacie.

Looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautiful personage, and sawe in his face sufficient sparks of intuing honoꝝ, gaue him greet entertainment, and gladd of their friendly reconcilment, promising such fauor as the pouerty of his estate might affoord, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. Wherevpon Saladine briefly discouert vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (al though hee had wronged him,) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the young gentleman.

Many questions passed; but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his Daughter Rosalind. Some Sir, quoth Saladine: for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Intensions fortune said the King, that to double the fathers misery, wrongt the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorowes) he went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer: Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when hee heard the whole matter, al though he grieved for the erile of his Maister, yet hee ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was pꝛoued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking along while, and seeing what familiaritie passed betwixen them, and what saturs were interchanged with brotherly affection, said thus: yea mary, thus it should be, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wisht betwixt you. Nowe fulfill you those precepts hee breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, loke to liue fortunate, and die honoꝝable.

Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but haue any victuals in store for vs: A pece of redde Ware, quoth hee, and a bottle of Wine. His Possessors sate brother, quoth Rosader, and so they sate them downe and fell to their eates. As soone as they had taken their repast, and well dined, Rosader toke his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes hee walked vp and downe with his Brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who must much (with Aliens) what should become of their Possesser. Some while they thought hee had taken

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some too: d unkindly, & had taken the pet: then they imagined some new lous had with: alone his fancie, or happily hee was sicke, or detained by some great busines of Gerismond, or that he had made a reconciliation to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heads, but especially Ganimede: who hauing loue in hart, proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence: so loue measures euery minute, and thinks howes to be dayes, and dayes to be months, till they saue their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed lined poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them, with his foxrest bill on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and she said to Aliena, see mistris where your iolly Foxrester comes. And you are not a little gladd (q Aliena) your nose betw:ayes what pottage you loue, the winde cannot be tied within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a bale, oyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans looke: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena beganne thus. Why how now gentle Foxrester, what wind hath kept you from hence: that being so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many daies: are these the passions you painted out in your Sonets and Roundelaies: I see well hoie loue is some colde, and that the fancie of men is like a lose feather that wandereth in the ayre with the blast of euery wind. You are deceiued *Epistria*, quoth Rosader, twas a copy of unkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married you carried away the Bride: but if I haue given any occasion of offense, by absenting my selfe th: & dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tell you the truth, saye mistresse, and my good Rosalind, my eldest Brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banisht from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the Foxrest. And here Rosader discoursed vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconciliation made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardlie, and yet smothered all things with such secretie, that the concealing was more sorrow then the conceit: yet that her estate might be hid still,
the

golden Legacie.

she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saue how these parties vailewed not her deitie, but hold her power in scoine, thought to haue a bout with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that liued by prouoling in a forrest, who for feare of the most Spar-shall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to shrowd themselves from his traines: hearing of the beauty of this faire shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and giue her to the King for a present, hoping, because the King was a great leacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands on Aliena and her page, which made them crie out to Rolader, who hauing the valour of his father stampt in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way to be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnes well vpon their carcases, that he was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rolader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was, not only batted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had bene carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who waundayng to find out his brothers walke, encountered this crew, and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaued by a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first he stroke, had neuer after more neede of the physician, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rolader seeing his brother so fortunately arrined, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and layd on such loades, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of Rolader and Saladine.

Aliena, after she had breathed a while, and was come to herselfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saue where Ganimede was busie, dressing by the wounds of the forrestier: but she cast her eye vpon this courteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she beganne to measure euery part of him

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with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troope of embroiled villains. At last gathering his spirits together, she returned vnto him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions: We poore shepheards haue no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kind of gramerce, as a poore shepheardesse and her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this gentle man that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, wele pay him with smiles, & serde him with looks, and though he be neuer the fatter at the peares ende, yet wele so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, beganne more narrowly to prye into her affection, and to suruey all her trimments with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beauty, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broyles to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a beny, that the stroke pierst to the hart so deepe, as it could neuer after be raced out. At last, after he had looked so long till Aliena wart red, he returned her this answer.

Faire shepheardesse, if fortune graced me with such good hap, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the reliefe of a distressed woman, is the speciall pornt, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty then curtesie, thanks is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either too coy, or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans praiser, I will take your kind Gramerce for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and sayde. Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. So maruaile, quoth he (gentle Swaine) for tis my eldest brother Saladine. Your Brother, quoth

golden Legacie.

(quoth Aliens) and with that she blisht, he is the more welcome, and I hold my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doe me that honoꝛ, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content swete mistris (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindefull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirks and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleede sore, and I will haue them dress. Ganymede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart, to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a mazoꝛ, she spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he toke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganymede as soone as they were out of sight, led his flocke downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a beech treē sate downe, and beganne to moune the misfortunes of her swete heart. And Ahena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganymede sitting vnder a limon treē, beganne to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with herselfe on this manner.

Alienæs Meditation.

App me, now I see, and sorrowing, sigh to see, that Dianæ laurells, are harborers of Venus Doves, that there trace aswell thorow the lawns, wantons, as chaste ones, that Calisto, be she neuer so chaste, will cast an amorous eye at courting loue: that Diana herselfe will change her shape, but she will honoꝛ loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes, be they as hard as diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more pliable than wax. See Aliens, how fortune and loue haue interleagued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue innegled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Of late thou heldst Venus for a giglet, not a goddesse, now thou shalt be forced to sue suppliant to her deitie. Cupid was a boy, and blind, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the court, I helde loue in contempt, and in high states I had small desire. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus countercheck me, as long as my fortune was maiesty, and my thoughts honoꝛ: and shall I now be high in desires, when I am made loue by destiny.

Euphues

Thane heard them say, that loue looke not at lowe cottages, that Venus iets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that he stoynes to touch pouerty with his heile. Tush Alinda, these are but olde wiues tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infalible principles: for experience tels thee, that peasants haue their passions, as well as the princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, allone about a thorp coate as a pallace.

Alh Alinda this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then? women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is leuelled on a more safely saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, Loue hath wrongd thee that hath not wrongd him, if hee be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather die than discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, then to conceale loue, and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely inough, O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou bene thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, els hadst thou not bin now won: but for al these vertues, banisht by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, hee will hate the fruite for the tree, and condemne the yong lien for the old stock. Well, howsoever, I must loue: and whomsoever I will, and what soeuer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hee of me as he please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, she rose vp, and went to Ganymede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena beganne to comfort her, herselfe being ouergrowne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasant persuasions. Ganymede tooke all in the best parte, and so they went home together after they had solded their flockes, supping with old Coridon, who had provided their cates. Whe after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, beganne a long discourse, how Montanus the yong shepheard that was in loue with Phoebe, comde by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her hands: but still pained in restless passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed leuer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phoebe, is she so faire that

golden Legacie.

that she thinkes no shepheard woozthy of her beauty : o; so froward, that no loue nor loialtie will content her : o; so coy, that she requireth a long time to be wooed, o; so foolish that she forgets, that like a sapper she must haue a large harvest for a little coine.

I cannot distinguish, said Coridon of these nice qualities, but one of these daies she bring Montanus and her downe, that you may see their persons, and note their passions : and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, said Coridon, if all maides were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe, for there should be much more of twining, and little wedding, many words and little woozship, much folly, and no faith.

At this sad sentence of Coridon, so sadly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it was late, shee and her Page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladine. In this discontented humo; they past away the time, till falling asleepe, they sences at rest, loue left them to their quiet slumbers : which were not long, so; as soone as Phoebe rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plots swaines to the; hand; labour, Aliena rose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, saying, the morning was farre spent, the dew small, and time called them away to the filds. Ah, ha, said Ganimede, is the wind in that doze ? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond so hard, but will yelde to the file, no Cedar so strong, but the winde will shake, o; no minde so chaste but loue will change. Tell Aliena, must Saladine be the man, and will it be a match : trust me, he is sayre and valiant, the sonne of a worthy Knight, whom if he unite in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, hee is woozthy of no lesse then Aliena. But hee is an exile, what then ? I hope my misfortune respects the vertues, not the wealth, and measures the qualities, not the substance.

Those dames that are like Danse, that like loue in no shape, but in a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth, and little wit, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the hono; of a shepheards life, to let the end of passions bypon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not so low as gold, there is no sex to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Coridon hath told me) the shepheards loue gifts were Apples and Cheesnuts,

Euphues

inn's, and then their desires were loyall, and they; thoughts constant. But now

Querenda pecunia primum, post numeras virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

————— *omnis enim res,
Virtus fama decus diuina humanaque pulchrum,
Dixitiparent: quas qui conflixerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid voluit.*

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought thee kist the child for the nurses sake, and wooed for him, that she might please Reader, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whercof growes this perswasion? Hast thou sene loue in my looks, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as illa phisognomer as the Lapidarie, that aymes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by his hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not euer the most pretious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for they; colours, but for they; vertues. Whomens faces are not alwayes calenders of fauile, nor doe their thoughts and they; looks euer agree: For when they; eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they of most empty of desire: and when they same to frowne and disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I be melancholie, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seing fire cannot be hidde in the straw, nor loue kept so covert but it will be spied, what should friends conreale fancies? Know (my Ganimede) the beauty and baloe, the wit & prowell of Saladine, hath settred Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if lone hath done mee ill.

Alce

golden Legacie.

Like, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of thy face, and that hee is as deeply enamored as I am passionate. I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much trowing, for she is already wone, and what needes a longer battery: I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine and I with Rosader, thus haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the fieldes with Aliens, where vnsolding their flockes, they sate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, & yet diuersly affected: Aliens ioying in the excellence of Saladine. & Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till she might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumps, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with hast. What newes with you (quoth Aliens,) that you come in such post: Oh mistris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long tunc desired to see Phoebe the faire Shepheardesse, who Montanus loues, is now so please you and Ganimede to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine, he courting her with his Country ditties, and she so coy as if she held loue in disdain.

The newes were so welcome to the two Lovers, that by they rose, and went with Coridon. As soone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe sate, (the fairest Shepheardesse in all Arden, and the frolickest Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a petticoate of Scarlet, couered with a graine mantle, and to shroude her from the sun, a chaplet of Roses, from vnder which appeared a face full ofatures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue animated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Triumph sate the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her saups, wooing with such pittious looks, and courting with such deepe stained sighes, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue been compassionate: at last, fixing his looks on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sang this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle sate vpon a leauesse tree,
Mourning her absent Pheare,

L.

With

Euphues

With sad and sorry cheere
About her wondring flood,
The Citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments :
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them,
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and sorrowes rue :
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath overthrowne,

Oh how would *Phaëbe* sigh, if she did looke on me ?

The lousicke *Polyphemus* that could not see,
Who on the Barraine shore,
His fortunes did deplore :
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone :
And with his cries,
Afflicts both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betooke,
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complains the morne,
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourne,
Alas his paine is nought :
For were my woe but thought,

Oh how would *Phaëbe* sigh, if she did looke on me ?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phaëbe* daime,
to see her *Montanus* die.

After this, *Montanus* felt his passions so extreme, that hee fel in
to this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

*Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur,
Modere un peu ta violence,
Que te ferois si grande dispençe ?*

golden Legacie.

*C'est trop de flammes pour un cœur.
 Espargnez en une estincelle,
 J'ai fait ton effort d'esmonoir,
 J'a siere qui ne veut point voir,
 En quel feu ie bruste pour elle.
 Exécute Amour ce dessein,
 Et rabaisse un peu son audace,
 Son cœur ne doit estre de glace,
 Bien que elle ait de Néege le sein.*

Montanus ended his sonnet with such a bolv of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might have moved any but Phoebe to have granted him fauoꝝ. But she measuring all his passions with a cop disoayne, and triumphing in the poꝛe shepheards patheticall humoꝝs, smiling at his martirdome, as though loue had bene no ma- lady, scornfully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phæbes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* sung,

By fancie once distressed,

Who so by foolish loue are stung,

Are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with a downe, downe, &c.

When loue was first begot,

And by the mothers will,

Did fall to humane lot,

His solace to fulfill:

Devoyde of all deceit,

A chaste and holy fire,

Did quicken mans conceit,

And womens breast inspire.

The gods that saw the good,

That mortals did approue,

With kinde and holy moode,

Began to talke of loue.

Downe a downe,

Thus *Phillis* sung,

By fancie once distressed, &c.

Euphues

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare :
Whilst loue in deede and word,
Most faithfull did appeare,
Fasse semblance came in place,
By ieaiousie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fancie blended:
Which make the gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie:
And maidens scorne a make,
Forsooth, and so will I.

Downe a downe.

Thus *Phyllis* sung,
by Fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish loue are slung,
Are worthily oppressed,

And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a:

Montanus hearing the cruell resolution of *Phoebe*. was so ouer-
growne with passions, that from amorous ditties, he fell flat into
these termes. Ah *Phoebe*, said he, whereof art thou made, that thou
regardst not my malady? Am I so hatefull an object, that thy eyes
condemne me so; an object: o; so base, that thy desires cannot stope
so low as to lend me a gracious looke: my passions are many, my
loues more, my thoughts loyalty, and my fancie saith: all deuoted in
humble deuoir to the seruice of *Phoebe*, and shall I reape no reward
so; such fealties: The swaines dayly labors is quit with the eue-
nings hire: the plow mans toyle is eased with the hope of corne:
what the ore sweats out at the plow, he satneith at the crib: but in-
fortunate Montanus hath no salue so; his so; rothe, no; any hope of
recompence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If *Phoebe*,
time may pleade the prooue of my truth, twice seauen winters haue
I loued faire *Phoebe*: if constancie bee a cause to further my suite,
Montanus thoughts haue bene sealed in the swete of *Phoebe*s excel-
lence, as far from change as she from loue: if outward passions may
discouer inward affectiōs the furrows in my face may discouer y so;
rolues of my hart, and the map of my lokes the grieve of my minde.
Thou seest (*Phoebe*) the teares of dispaire haue made my cheekes
full

golden Legacie.

full of toxeinckles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire re-
cho her pittie, conceived in my plaints: Philomele hearing my pas-
sions, hath left her mornesfull tunes, to listen to the discourse of my
passions. I haue pourtraied in euery tree the beauty of my mistris,
and the dispaire of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot wit-
nesse my woes: and who is it would not pittie my plaints: onely
Phoebe, and why: because I am Montanus, and shee Phoebe. I a
worthlesse swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beauti-
full Phoebe, oh might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though
I tasted but one minute of that good happe. Measure Montanus,
not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not with wealth,
but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of
disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phoebe cannot loue, let a sorme of
frownes end the discontents of my thoughts, and so let me perishe in
my desires, because they are about my deserts, onely at my death
this fauour cannot be denyed me, that all shall say, Montanus died
for loue of hard hearted Phoebe.

At these wordes she fild her face full of frownes, and made him
this short and sharpe reply. Unfortunate shepheard, whose
loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extream
that thou canst not conceale it with patience: Or art thou so folly
sicke, that thou must needs be faine sicke, and in thy affection tied
to such an erigent, as none serues but Phoebe? Well sir, if your
market can be made no where else, home agayne, for your marke
is at the fairest.

Phoebe is no lettis for your lippes, and her grapes hang so hye,
that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Mon-
tanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdain, not that I scorne
thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great hono: to triumph
ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore Mon-
tanus, cease from thy loues, and bryde thy looks, quench the spar-
kles before they grow to a further flame, for in louing mee, thou
shalt but liue by losse, and what thou vtterest in wordes, are all
written in the wind. Wert thou Montanus, as faire as Paris, as
hardie as Hector, as constant as Troilus, as louing as Leander.
Phoebe could not loue, because she cannot loue at all, and therefore
if thou pursue me with Phoebus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer hearing these passions of Montanus, coulde
not

Euphues

not b:oke the cruelty of Phoebe, but starting from behinde the bush, sayd: And if (damsell) you fled from me, I would transfoyme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches under my foete. Phoebe at this sodaine reply was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a swaine as Ganymede: blushing therefore she would haue bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What sheheardesse, faire, and so cruel: disdain besemes not cottages, nor coynelesse maydes: for, either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take haue faire nymphe, that in despising loue, you be not ouerreached with loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to pour owne shadowe, and so with Narcissus prone passionate, and yet unpittied. We haue I heard, and sometimes haue seene hie disdain turned to hate desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading: as momentarie as the shadowes that grow from a cloudy sunne. Such, my faire sheheardesse, as disdain in youth, desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue bene loued in the prime. A twinkled minde is like a parched rose, that is cast by in coffers, to please the smell, not to dwine in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in loue to had: I wist, and therefore be ruled by me, loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie no; time cannot be recalled, and if thou loue, like of Montanus. for as his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganymede, as deeply enamored of his perfection, as Montanus imaged with hers, for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had bene leapt from Elisium, in the shape of a swaine. When she blushed at her owne follie, to looke so long on a stranger, she mildly made answer to Ganymede thus: I can not deny sir, but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt loue, and haue read of such a goddesse as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture: and perhaps, and with that she wist red and bashfull, and withall, silent: which Ganymede perceiuing, commended in herselfe the bashfullnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps sir, quoth she, mine eye hath bene more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that she stayed againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed

golden Legacie.

played. Aliena seeing the Mare through the maze, bade her, forwarde with her prattle : but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she brake off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she fate downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganymede, seeing the Shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left *Thabe* with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that shee would be more pliant to loue, least in penance Venus wrynd to her some sharpe penance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that *Ercho* made relation of her plaint : giuing Ganymede such an adiew with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceiued Phoebe was pincht by the haele.

But leaving Phoebe to the follies of their new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her : to *Saladine*, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, inso much that hee framed a sweet conceited Sonnet to content his humors, which hee put in his bosome : being requested by his brother *Rolader* to goe to Aliena and Ganymede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happy to *Saladine*, that taking his Forrest bill on his necke, hee trudge in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did feede : coming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe, Fortune so conducted this iolly Forrester, that hee encountred them and *Coridon*, whom he presently saluted on this manner.

Faire Shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beauty be tempered with curtesie, and the lineaments of the face graced with the lowliness of mind : as many good fortunes to you and your page as your selues can desire or imagin. My brother *Rolader* (in the griefe of his Greene wounds) still mindfull of his friends, hath sent mee vnto you with a kind salute, to shew that hee brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence hee received his prejudice. The report of your welfare, wil be a great comfort to his distempred body, and distressed thoughts, and therefore sent mee with a stricke charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are messengers from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines wee compassionate with as great sorrowe, as hee brookes them with griefe : and his wounds breede in vs as many passions, as in him extremities : so that what disquiet he feels in body, wee partake in hart.

Wishing

Euphues

Wishing (if we might) that our mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wils yields him little ease, our ozions are neuer idle to the Gods for his recovery. I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon searcht him, held hee his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortal, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whercuppon my brother hopes within these tenne dayes to walke abroade and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalind commends her vnto him, and bids him be of good chæere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalind is, but whatsoeuer shee is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions, he bseth Rosalind as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my Brother is in loue with some Paragon that holds his hart perplexed, whose name hee oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles: as if in one person loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Whercin I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth in sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet preiudice, like to the Si-nople tree, whose blossoms delight the smell, and whose fruite infect the tast.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are deeply read in Loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, undoubtedly it sameth you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secrete aphorismes. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your Courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them, til loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of compassion, when his hart is most free from affection: They court to discouer the eloquence, we woe to ease our sorrowes: every sayre face with them must haue a new fancie sealed with a fore finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh, we haue loue one, and liue to that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, vsing fewe ceremonies, because wee knowe fewe subtilties, and little eloquence for that wee highly account of flatte-rie: onely Faith and Troth, that is Shepheards wooing: and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I coulde tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardesse, being the

golden Legacie.

the Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surueying exquisitely every part of him, as uttering all these wordes in a deepe passion; she espied the paper in his bosome, whereupon groweing ieaious that it was some amozous Sonnet, she suddainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: she was bashfull, & Saladine blisht: which she perceiuing, said: Say then sir, if you wane red, my life for yours tis some loue matter: He sae your Mistris name, her prayes, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it, which was writtten to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,
With restlesse sway, and ceaselesse turning glides,
If ayre inconstant be, and swelling soure,
Turne and returnes with many fluent rydes:
If earth in Winter summers pride estrange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change,

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Derlude from heauenly pure, in wandring still,
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouerent power discerneth ill,
And if the body for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it (that inforst by furious skies)
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart:
Yet saue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each obiekt workes my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et florida pungenx.

Aliena hauing read ouer the Sonnet, beganne thus pleasantly to descant vpon it. He sae Saladine (quoth she) that as the Sonne is no Sonne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vnlesse it be hard: so men are no men vnlesse they be in
sp
loue

Euphues

loue: and their honours are measured by their amors, not their labours, counting it more commendable for a gentleman to be full of fancie, than full of vertue. I had thought

*Oti si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contentaque iacent, & sine luce faces.*

But I see Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for euen labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no Pumice stone to race out fancy. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends, and Country, by Torismond, (so: soles enough to suppress affeccion) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant then fortune, but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladine that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, sate poison by her: and Ganimede to gine them leaue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the foldees, whilst Saladine fell into this pattle with Aliena.

Faire Pistris, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and vse little eloquence in leueling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with seuer subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your Country fashion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautiful Shepheardeesse, that whilst I liued in the Court, I knew not loues cumber, but I held affeccion as a top, not as a maladie: bling fancie as the Hyperborei doe their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most faire, on her I sed mine eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as she hath sucked honey from the Rose, straight stie to the next Parigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondered at such as were in loue, and when I read their passions, I took them onely for Poems, that flowed from the quicknes of their wit, not the sorowes of their hart. But now saye Iumph, since I became a sojrestler, loue hath taught me such a lesson, that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing then fancy. For since first I arined in this place, and mine eye took a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue bin so fettered to your beauty and vertue, as (wot Aliena) Saladine without further circumstance

loues.

golden Legacie.

loves Aliens. I could paint out my desires with long ambages : but seeing in many words lies mistrust , and that truth is ever naked, let this suffice for country twining , Saladine loves Aliens , and none but Aliens . Although these words are most heavenly harmony in the eares of the shepherdesse , yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdain loue howsoever the desired loue , she made this reply.

Alth Saladine , though I seeme simple , yet am I more subtiler then to swallow the hook , because it hath a painted baite : as men are wise , so women are wary , specially if they haue that wit , by others harmes to beware . Doe we not know Saladine , that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe , that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes : and their words are periuicall as the charmes of Circes that transforme men into monsters : If such Syrens sing , we poore men had need stop our eares , least in hearing , we proue so foolish hardy , as to beleue them , and so perish in trusting much and suspecting little . Saladine , *Piscator Ilus sapit* , he that hath bene once poisoned , and afterward feares not to taste of euery potion , is worthy to suffer double penance . Giue me leaue then to mistrust , though I doe not condemne . Saladine is now in loue with Aliens , he a Gentleman of great parentage , she a Shepherdesse of meane parents : he honorable , and she poore : can loue consist of contrarieties : will the falcon perch with the kitchin , the Lyon harbor with the wolfe : will Venus ioyne robes and rags together : or can there be a sympathy betwix a king and a beggar :

When Saladine , how can I beleue thee , that loue shoulde unite our thoughts , when fortune hath set such a difference betwix our degrees : But suppose thou likest of Aliens beautie , men in their fancie resemble the waspe , which scoomes that flower from which she had fetcht her war : playing like the inhabitants of the Island Tenerifa , who when they haue gathered the sweete spices , vse the trees so : setwell : so men , hauing glutted themselves with the faire of womens faces , hold them for necessary evils : and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue , cast away fancy , as children doe their rattles : and loathing that which so deeply before they liked , especially such as take loue in a minute , and haue their eyes attractive like Jet , apt to entertaine any object , are as ready to let it slip againe . Saladine hearing how Aliens harpt still on

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one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he brake off her shape inuictiue thus :

I grant Aliena (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in proving some ripe, and some rotten, but particular instances infer no generall conclusions : and therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall not preiudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue, for that is subtilty : nor long discourses, least my words might be thought more than my faith : but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I loue Aliena : and woo Aliena : not to crop the blossomes, and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable end of marriage.

At this word marriage, Aliena stood in a maze what to answer : fearing, if she were too coy, to driue him away with her disdain, if she were too curteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last this she said : Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauored thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine honor holds fancy still in suspence : but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided : but for this time to give thee an answer, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marry with Saladine, or still line a virgin : and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganime spying, thinking hee had had his mistris long enough at shift, sayd : what, a match or no ? A match (sayd Aliena) or else it were an ill market. I am glad (sayd Ganime) I would Rosader were here to make vp the messe. Well remembrance (sayd Salad.) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone : therefore, least being solitary he should encrease his sorowes, I will haste me to him. Say it please you then to command me any seruice to him, I am ready to be a ductifull messenger. Only at this time commend me vnto him (quoth Aliena) and tell him, though we cannot pleasure him, we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganime) my commendations : but say to him that Rosalynd, sheds as many teares from her heart, as he drops blood from his wounds, for the sorow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughtes with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content : say thus (good Saladine) and so farewell. He hauing his message, gaue a curteous adiew to them both, especially to Aliena : and so playing loth to

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to depart, went to his brother.

But Helena perplexed, and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praying the perfection of Saladin, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till euening drew on; then they folding their shewe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phoebe. Phoebe fired with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, galled with restless passions; as now she beganne to know ledge, there was no floure so fresh, but might be parched with the sunne: no tree so strong, but might be shaken with a storme. So there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with loue, could make amorous: for that which held Diana for the goddess for her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as she was forward afoze with disdain. As she lay in her bed, she called to mind the severall beauties of young Ganymede, first his locks, which being amber hued, passed the worth Phoebe puts on, to make his front glorious: his brow of iuorie, was like the seate where loue and maiesty sits in throned to enchaine Fancy, his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdain, and smiles with fauour, lightning such looks as would inflame desire, were the wrapt in circle of the scap zone: in his cheekes the vermillion tincture of the rose blossomed upon natural alabaster, the blush of the moone and Lunas siluer shew were so liuely portraied, that the Troian that fills out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautifull, his face was full of plesance, & of the rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phoebe was fettered in the sweetnes of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore shepherdesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixt with a content, she rather wisht to die than to line in this amorous anguish. Nothing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forced to pine in her maladie, without any salue for her sorowles: reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretary: and to conceale it, why it doubled her grieve: for as fire suppress, growes to the greater flame, and the current stoppt, to the more violent streame, so loue smothered, wrings the heart with deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her soode beganne to faile, and the disquiet of her munde beganne to worke a distemperature of

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her body, that to be short, Phoebe fell extreame sicke, and so sicke, as there was (almost) left no recovery of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distressed, sent for his friends, who sought, by medicine, to cure, and by counsell to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her body was sicke through long fasting, and yet she, *magis agrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceiued, and sorrowed at, but saue it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man, came to visit Phoebe: where sitting by her bed side, he beganne his exordium with many teares and sighes, that she perceiuing the extremitie of his sorowes, beganne now as a louer to pittie them, though Ganymede held her from redressing them. Montanus craued to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempered with secret plaintes, but she answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganymede in her minde, and coniecturing how she might reueale her lones. To utter them in wordes she found herselfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, she would not trust any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: whereupon, for her last refuge, she resolved to write to Ganymede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale a nap. He was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her stannish, she took pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

Phoebe to Ganymede, wisheth what she wants her selfe.

Faire Shepheard (therefore is Phoebe unfortunate, because thou arte faire) although hether to mine eyes were adaments, to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fauour, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to thine by nature, bygone to thee by beautie: which being rare, and made more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe, as she rests at thy mercy, either to be made the most fortunate of all maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganymede my lones by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. When, as thou knowest thy

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thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest me hard harted, because I hated Montanus, thinke I was so: it to it by Fate: if thou sayst I am kinde hearted, because so lightly I loued thee at the first looke, thinke I was diuinen to it by Destinie, whose influence, as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would strue with Fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seeks to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganymede, loue enters at the eye, harbours in the hart, and will neither be diuinen out with phisicke, nor reason, pittie me, as one whose ma lady hath no salue, but from thy swet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant: and I thinke I am a virgin who is deapthly wronged, when I am so: it to two, and coniecture loue to be strong, that is more forcible then Nature. Thus distressed, vlesse by thee eased, I respect, either to liue fortunately by thy fauor, or die miserably by thy deniall. Liuing in hope, Farewell.

She that must be thine
or not at all, Phoebe.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My boate doth passe the straights
Of Seas incens'd with fire,
Filld with forgetfulnesse,
amidst the winters night:
A blind and carelesse boy,
(brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
of sorrow and despight.

For every oare, he sets
a ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in sleepe of waue)
a hope without distresse,
The windes of my deepe sighes
(that thunder still for nought)
Haue split my sailes with feare,
with care and heauinesse.

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A mightie storme of teares,
A blake and hideous clowde,
Aboutand fierce disdaines,
Doe slacke the halcyards oft,
Till ignorance do pull,
And error hale the shrowd,
No starre for safety shines,
No *Phaebus* from aloft.

Time hath subdued art, and ioy is slave to wee,
Alas (Love-guide) be kind, what, shall I perishe so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore shee called Montanus, and intrusted him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistress in all service) he discerned the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdomme, and so (taking the Letter) went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliana fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting under a *Pomegranate* tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her *Rosader*. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he said) came from *Phaebus*. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what newes should come from an vnknowne shepheardesse, but taking the letters, burst the seales, and read ouer the discourse of *Phaebus* sauries. When she had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, with that called Aliana, to whom shee shewed the writings, who having persecuted them, conceited them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how lone had yoked her, who before would not stoop to the lure. Aliana whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying. Brevetwee *Phaebus* what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how blisht thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured: but leaving that, I pray thee let vs sport with this swaine.

At this word, Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell mee Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sights that grow from thy Mistress fauours, art thou in love with *Phaebus*? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, were *Phaebus*
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so far in loue with me, my flocks would be moze fat, and their Master moze quiet: for though the sorowes of my discontent, growes the leanneesse of my shepe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, whilst Montanus forgett himselfe: for those characters true loue hath stamped, neither the enuy of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the displaye of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekst with Phoebus to win Daphne, and she flies faster then thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobby, but her disdain reacheth higher then thou canst make wing, I tell thee Montanus, in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolues of Syria against the Moone, & rouest at such a mark with thy thoughts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pitiless, and thy malable remediless. For poore Montanus read these Letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus toke them and perused them, but with such sorow in his looks, as they bewrayed some of confused passions in his hart: at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At last, noting Phebes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shepheard stode as though hee had neither womme nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, waked him out of his dzeame thus: now Montanus, dost thou see, thou doest great seruice, and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, shee makes thee as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson, crape not to her that cares not for thee. What Montan, there are many as faire as Phoebe. but most of all moze courteous then Phoebe. I tell thee Shepheard, fauour is lones fewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame banish into smoke, and rather sorow for a while, then repent thee for euer. I tell thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with the Scorpion, can not be recouered but by the Scorpion, nor he that

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was wounded with Achilles lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was eased with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had herbes to heale all hurts but this passion. Circes had charmes for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtil reasons to refell all griefes but loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such to whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honoꝝ none but Phœbe.

Then quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a dispaying lover, that liuest without ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee: shall I disdaine Phœbe as thee disdainest thee: Ah (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefe, and double my sorowes: for the sight of her discontent were the curse of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perrish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinck vnder y^e burthen of so deepe distress. Being loue-sick, she is proued hart-sick, and all for the beautie of Ganimede. Thy portion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beautie of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so deere, mislike not her deedly. Be thou paramoꝝ to such a Paragon, shee hath beautie to please thine eye, and stocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more then thou shalt winne by her: for shee is beautifull, vertuous, & wealthy, these deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliens seeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: seeing if Ganimede marry Phœbe, thy market is cleane marred.

Ah Distris (quoth hee) so haꝝy loue taught mee to honoꝝ Phœbe, that I would pꝛiudice my life to pleasure her, and dis in despayre, rather then she should perrish for want. It shall suffice mee to see her contented, and to fixe mine eye on her fauor. If she marry, though it be my martirdome, yet if she be pleased, Ile bꝛake it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounced with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliens, and Ganimede to see y^e resolution of his loues, so that they pittied his
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passions, and commended his patience, denisling how they might by any subtiltie get Montanus Phoebe's fauour. Strait (as womans heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancie the shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he presented his pollicie thus. Montanus, quoth he, seeing Phoebe is so sorrowne, least I might be counted unkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare herselfe in word bitter, that she hath discoursed with her pen, and then, as loue wills me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towarde the house of Phoebe. When they drew nie to the cottage, Montanus ran before and went in and told Phoebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word (Ganimede) sounding in the eares of Phoebe, drew her into such an extasse for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, she was halfe reuined, & her swanne colour beganne to wane red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrowes: sitting him downe by her bedside, he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly held her. Phoebe looking as louely as Venus in her night gære, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when she betwixt her loues to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, saide thus: Faire shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, or fancy the sharpest extreame, my immodesty were the more, and my virtues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there he peruerteth all, & wealets the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to find ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seek the salue at thy hands for my harmes: blame me not if I be ouer bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward, it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make me thus fond: For, let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phoebe lones Ganimede: at this she helde downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede rose, as one that would suffer no sith to hang on his fingers, made this reply. What not thy planters, Phoebe, for I doe pittie thy plaintes, no; like not

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to discour thy lones in teares : for I coniecture thy trueth by thy passions : for to be is no salve for lones, nor sighs no remedie for affection. Therefore frolike Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieved me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue bene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall : but thou aleagest that thou art forst from him by fate, so I tell thee Phoebe, either some starre, or some destiny fits my mind, rather with Adonis to die in chace, than bee counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pittie thy martyrdom, yet cannot I grant marriage, for though I holde thee faire, yet mine eyes is not settred: loue growes not like the hearb Spartanna to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail, and yet at last, attaines to the top *Festina leniter*, especially in loue, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies: If (Phoebe) I shoulde like thee as the Hyperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly shoulde be great, and thy repentance moze. Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my lones shall grow by as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe, thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, till time & loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe, sake not to suppress affection, and with the loue of Montanus, quench the remembrance of Ganimede: strive thou to hate me, as I sake to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for well maist thou haue one moze wealthy, but not moze loyall. These wordes were contrary to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these wordes.

And shall I then haue no salve of Ganimede, but suspence, no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be possed off to the will of time? Just haue the gods balanced my fortunes, who being cruel to Montanus, found Ganimede as unkind to my selfe: so in forcing him to perish for loue, I shall die my selfe with ouermuch loue. I am glad quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faulces, and see where your shew wings you, measuring now the paines of Montanus, by your owne passions. True, quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my forwardnesse towardes the shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolute to loue Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganimede,

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Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thee, then will I saue him: conditionally, that if my loue can be suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will only wed himselfe to Phoebe. I grant it, saire shepheardesse, quoth he, and to feed thee with the sweetnes of hope, this resolu on: I will neuer marry my selfe to woman, but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe a fruitlesse kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, she rose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus as good chere as could be found in such a country cottage, Ganimede in midst of their banquet, rehearsing the promises of either to Montanus fauor, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed by hope, Ganimede toke his leaue of Phoebe, and departed, leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembrance his wounds, and her eyes full of teares, & her heart full of sorowes, plodded to find Aliena at the foldes, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. As she came on the plaines, she might espy where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salue to her grieve, & such a coridall vnto her heart, that she tript amongst the lawnes full of ioy. At last, Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimede: with that the clovne rose and running to meet him, cried, O sirra, a mach, a mach, our mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolikt it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue, saluted them all, and specially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soon quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must be solemnized, betwixt my brother and Aliena. I see well where loue leads, delay is lothsome, and that small twining serues where both parties are willing. True quoth Ganimede, but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd? Ah good Ganimede, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, renew not my sorowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thral of my miseries. Tush, be of good chere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experienced in negromancie and magicke, what Art can doe, shall be acted for thine aduantage. I will cause to bring in Rosalynd, if either France, or any bordering Nation harbour her,

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her, and upon that take the faith of a young Shepheard. Aliens smile to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had jested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the page somewhat pleasant, beganne to discourse unto them what had passed betwene him and Phoebe: which as they laught, so they wondered at all, confessing that there is none so chaste, but love will change. Thus they pass away the day in chat, and when the sunne beganne to set, they take their leaues, and departed. Aliens providing for their marriage day such solemne chere and handsome robes as fitted their country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to discover herselfe before her father, had made her a gowne of graine, and a kirtle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that she seemed some heavenly Symph, harboured in country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptialles, nor Rosader unmindfull to bid guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane time, Phoebe being a bidden guest, made herselfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: & Montanus suted himselfe with the cost of many of his stocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to give Phoebe answer of her loues: and Montanus, either to heare to dome of his misery, or the censure of his happines: but as this geare was a biewing, Phoebe past not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so was she wrapt in the beauty of this louelie swaine. Much p:ttle they had, and discourse of many passions. Phoebe witht for the day (as she thought) of her welfare: Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnexpected euent would fall out at the wedding. In these humors passed the weeke, that at last sunday came.

So soner did Phoebus hench man appere in the skie, to give warning that his maisters horses should be trapped in his glorious coach, but Coridon in his holiday sute, maruellous samely, in a russet iacket belted with the same, and faced with red woosted, hauing a paire of chamblet slæues, bound at the waistes with foure yellow laces, closed asofoe very richly with a dozen of peter buttons: his h: were of grey kersey, with a large flap, garded ouerthwart the pocket holes with three faire guards, stitcht of cyther side with red thred: his stocks was of the olune, sewed close to his

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his breech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust in himselfe round with a dozen of newe threded points of medly colour : his bonnet graine, whereon stode a copper brooch with the picture of S. Denis : and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old daies, he had a faire shirt-band of fine Lockeram, whipt ouer with Country blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floras choyce bolwers, then any Country cottage.

Whether repaired Phoebe, with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most famliest sort that might be, but howsoever the help to plank out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that hee seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his looks, or Paris when hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Pumph Oenone. Ganimede like a pretty Page waited on his Mistris Aliena, and ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegrome should come. Who attired in a Forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning : where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena, and the rest of the Country Swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shepheardesse whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, he that was wont to sit in his royall pallace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a trope of reuelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes : yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcommed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolickt it amongst the shepheards, Coridon came in with a sayre Payer full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a clownish salute, that
he

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he began to smile, and toke it of the old Shepheard very kindly, drinke to Aliena and the rest of her fayre maides, among whom Phoebe was the foremost. Aliena pledged the King, and dranke to Rosader: so the carouse went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinke, and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his heade he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hangd by his side, whercon was painted despaire, and on his shephoke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his hart was of sorrow, shewing in his countenance the mappe of extremities. The Shepheards seeing him, did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Sheepe in Ida. Hee seeing the King, and getting it to be Genismond, did him all the reuerence his Country curtesie could afford, inso-much that the king wondering at his attire, demanded what he was. Montanus ouer hearing him made this reply. I am, quoth he, Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontentments as I seme fraught with outward follies. My eyes like Bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hie of my hart, far more gall then hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton: I hunt with the sie to purchase the Eagle, that flying too nee the sun, I perish by the sun, my thoughts are aboue my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater the my loues. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the meane, I die for being so meane, my night sleepes are waking slumbers, as full of sorrowes as they be from rest, and my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star, & stumbling at a strawe, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure, though it pinch, because lone hides his wormesed in figges, his poysons in sweet poisons, and shadowes preiudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my day discontentments, and I hate that which should saue my harme, like the patient, which stung with the Tarantula, loathes musicke, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus fit, restless, I hold my selfe remedlesse, as louing without either reward or regard, & yet louing, because there is none toothy to be loued, but the mistris of my thoughts. And that I am

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as full of passions as I haue discours in my plaints, fir if you please,
in my Sonnets, and by the in censure of my sorrowes.

These wordes of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder,
amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he
toke the papers off his booke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wonder I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth find access?
But where the melancholic fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarme of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salve my heavinesse,
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes)
My silent tongue assailed by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My hart inforced to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinion slave to euery toy.
Oh loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, hee highly commended the
deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a
shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent:
affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest
haire their shadowes, so the meanest Swaines had their fancy, and
in their kind were as charie of loue as a King. Whetted on with this
deuice, he toke the second and read it, the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

When the dogge Full of rage With his irefull eye Frownes amidst the skies: The shepheards to aswage, The furie of the heate, Himselfe doth safely scate,	}	By a fount Full of fayre, Where a gentle breath Mouning from beneath, Tempereth the ayre, There his flockes, Drinke their fill.
--	---	---

O

And

Euphues

And with ease repose,
 Whilst sweet sleepe doth close
 Eyes from toying ill.
 But I burne
 Without rest,
 No defensive power,
 Shields from Phœbes lower:
 Sorrow is my best,
 Gentle Loue
 Lowre no more:

If thou wilt invade,
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so long,
 I my selfe
 And my flocks
 They their loue to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
 Both leaue the shady oakes
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith loue doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond seeing the pittie baine of those Sonnets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Rosader discoursed vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loialty, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Punish-
 amorous of young Ganimede. Upon this discourse the King was desirous to see Phœbe, who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beautie of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes beganne to daze at the beautie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his looks a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his secrets were many, and his passions extream. Phœbe to make reply to the Kings demaund, answered thus, I oue (sir) is charitie in his law, and whatsoeuer hee sets downe for iustice, be it neuer so vniust, the sentence cannot be reuerst, womens fancies lend fauours not euer by desert, but as they are insoist by their desires: so; fancie is tied to the wings of Fate, and what the starres decreë, stands for an infallible dome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charmes of a pleasant tongue, as Vlisles the melody of Syrens, Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of the objects, as desirous to see their looks with a face faire, as the Bee to suck the sweet flower. Montanus is wealthy, and an ounce of giue me, perswades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden shower, when shee could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter, I tell you Sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with golde, and tis hard but shee will proue his harts golde,
 Montanus

golden Legacie.

Montanus is young, a great claue in fancies court: Montanus is ver'uous, the richest argument that loue yeilds, and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualitties, but not affecting the person, because the destinies haue set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same saluice, and bring me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus. as peremptory in disdaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, quoth she, Aliens page, young Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede. who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the cristall of his face with a ruddy brightness. The king noting well the phisimony of Ganimede, beganne by his fauor, to call to minde the face of his Rosalind, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demaunded of him why he sighed so sore: Because Rosader, quoth he, the fauor of Ganimede puts me in minde of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his hart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue non but Rosalynd. And vpon condition quoth Gerismond, that Rosalind were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Alien turned her head, and smiled vpon Ganimede, and she could scarce keepe countenance: yet she salued all with secretie, and Gerismond to diue away such dumps, questiond with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine: Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phoebe, I should greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him in a moment, he hath labored for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shepheardeesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with this promise, that if I can with reason suppress Phoebes loue towards me, she shall like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phoebe, I stand, for my loue is so far beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasieue of reason: so iustice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phoebe. And in your victorie quoth Montanus, standes the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

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perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thine owne base desires, to chuse so meane a shepherdesse. Chere by thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortall enemy Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes, and saide: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to liue with thee exiled in the country? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrester be frolicke, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. Shee hath with her beantie won quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, & full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these comicall euents, Coridon came skipping in, and tolde them the priest was at church, and tarried their conuning. Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where, to the admiration of the country swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnly solemnized. Assoone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, the tables were spread, and the bride sat downe by Gerismond: Rolader, Saladine and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely chere they had, such as the country could afford, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues & fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and playd them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

Coridons song.

A blithe and bonny country Lasse,
 heigh ho bonny Lasse,
 Sate sighing on the tender grasse.
 and weeping said, will none come wooe me?
 A smicker boy, a lither swaine,
 heigh ho a smicker swaine,
 That in his loue was wanton faine,
 With smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,
 heigh ho, when she espide:

O 3

The

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goe away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit lours monarch: if Phoebe win, then am I in effect most miserable. We will see this controuersie quoth Gerismond. and then we will to Church, therefore Ganym. let vs heare your argument. Say, pardon my absence a while quoth she, & you shall see one in store. In went Ganymede & dyed her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a golowne of graine, with a kirtle of ritch sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora peacht in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented herselfe at her fathers seate, with her eyes full of teares, as craving his blessing, & discouering vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, & how euer since she liued in that country disguised. Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, and fel vpon her neck, vntering the passions of his top in watery plaints, diuinen into such an extasie of content that he could not vtter one word. At this sight, if Rosalind was both amayd and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalind before his face, whom so long and so deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his sprites, and in most fatherly termes entertained his daughter Rosalind after many questions demanding of her what had past betwene her and Rosalder. So much sir, quoth she as these waits nothing but your grace to make vp y^e marriage. Why the quoth Gerismond Rosalder take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosalder beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, & embraced his Rosalind who turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewed sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loues. Yea, quoth Phoebe, & so great a perswasive, that if it please you madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threwe away his Garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted despaire, and cast his bonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolick as Paris when he handled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladine stand in a dumpt, to wake him from his dreame, beganne thus: Why how now my Saladine all a moor, what man, melancholy at the day of marriage & perchance

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The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
She simpred smoothe like bonny bell :
The sawine that sawe her squint-eide kind,
heigh ho squint-eide kind,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire Lasse, how fare yee ? well.

The country Kit said well forsooth,
heigh ho, well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie :
Alas said he what garres thy grieve ?
heigh ho, what garres thy grieve ?
A wound quoth she without reliefe,
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard saide,
heigh ho the shepheard said,
He make thee wiue if gentle maide,
and so recure thy maladie :
Hereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh ho with many an oath,
And fore god *Pan* did plight their troath,
and to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh ho, the prettie peate,
That feares to die of this conceit,
to kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merrie, as they were in the midst of their iollitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Ferdandine was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouerhearing this newes, demaunded who it was, It is quoth Rosader, my middle brother, that liues a scholar in Paris, but what hath driuen him to seke vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, to whom he welcommed with all curtesie : and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment : brought he was by his ii. brothers into the parlo, where they

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they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners as he could poynts of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty rates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, leaue off your amours, and fall to armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hetherto you haue bene passionate. For know Geris. that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Pères of Fraunce are vp in armes, to recouer thy right, and Toris. troupt with a crew of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to ioyne, therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine & Rosader, mount you, and shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue ben harty louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Country, discover the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prooue childezen worthy of so honorable a parent. At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the world, and Saladine and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay, quoth Gerismond, goe with mee, I haue horse and armoz for vs all, and then bearing well mounted, let vs shew that we carry reuenge and honour at our fauchions points. Thus they leaue the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father, he not returning a word, because his heart was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader horse and armoz, and himselfe armed royally, ledde the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a bailie both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seeing y wing wherin the Poets fought, thrust in there, and cryed Saint Denis, laying such load upon his enemies, that hee shewd both highly hee did estimate of a crowne. When the Pères perceived that their lawfull King was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Pères were conquerers, Toris. army put to flight, and himselfe slaine in bataille. The pères then gathered themselves together, & saluted the king, conducted him royally into Paris, where hee was receiued ioyfully of all the cittizens.

Alone

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As soon as all was quiet, and hee had receiued againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the Court, Alinda being verie passionate for the death of her Father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirtie daies, in which time summoning a parliament by the consent of the Nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, and restored Saladine to his fathers land, and gaue him the Dukedome of Namures, he made Fernandine principall Secretary to himselfe: and that fortune might euery way seme strolke, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon maister of Alindaes flocks.

Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incur much preiudice, that diuision in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so is a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferior in yeeres, yet may be superior in honours, that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers, more forcible then fortune. If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and for fetching it. If you grace mee with that fauour, you encourage mee to bee more forward: and as soon as I haue ouer-looke my labours, expect the Saylers Kalender.

FINIS.

Tho. Lodge.